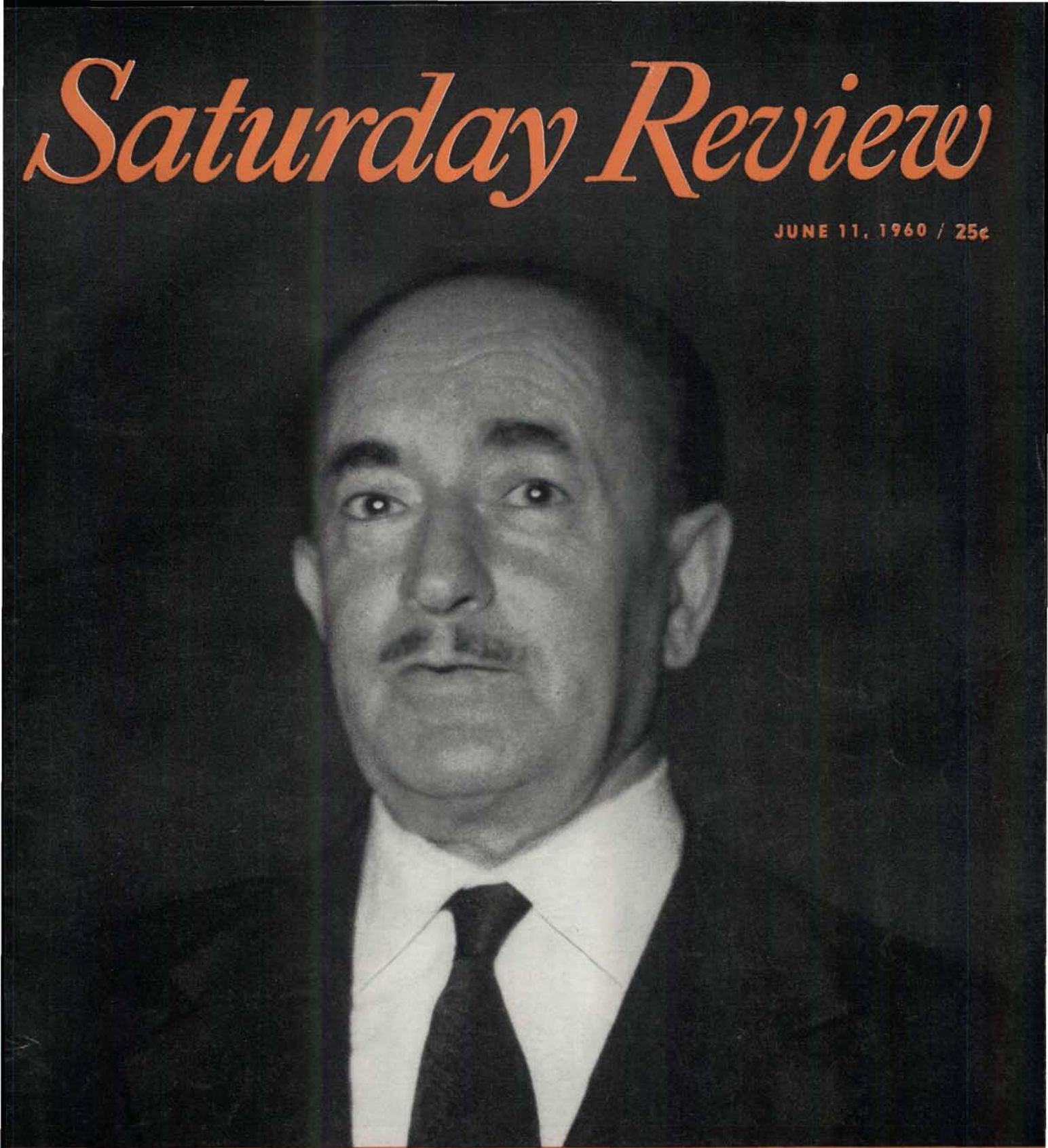
Saturday Review

JUNE 11, 1960 / 25¢



Nobel Prize-winner Salvatore Quasimodo (See Books and Interview by John Ciardi)

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STORIES FOR THE SULTRY SEASON, by Evan Jones

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING: SR's

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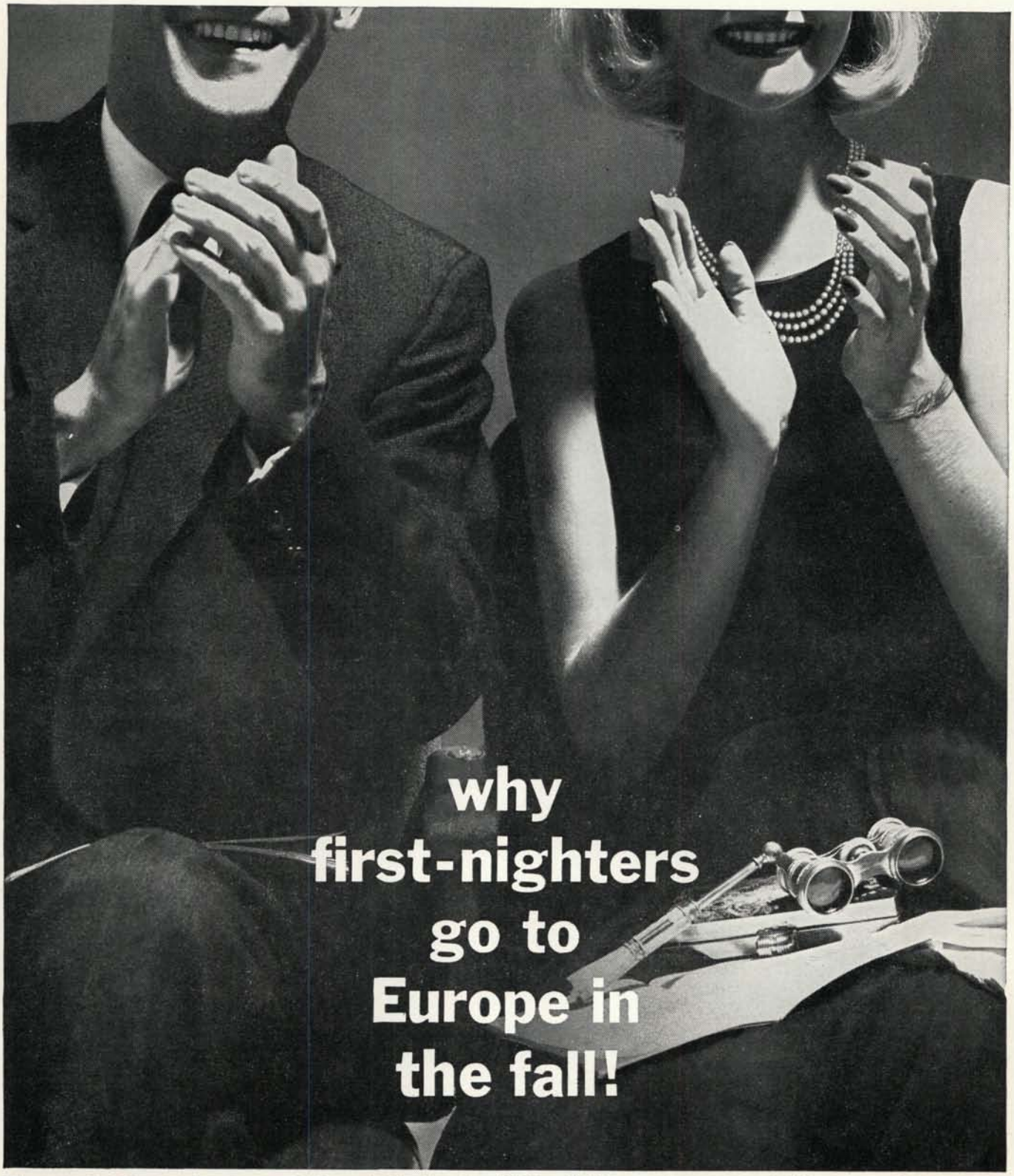

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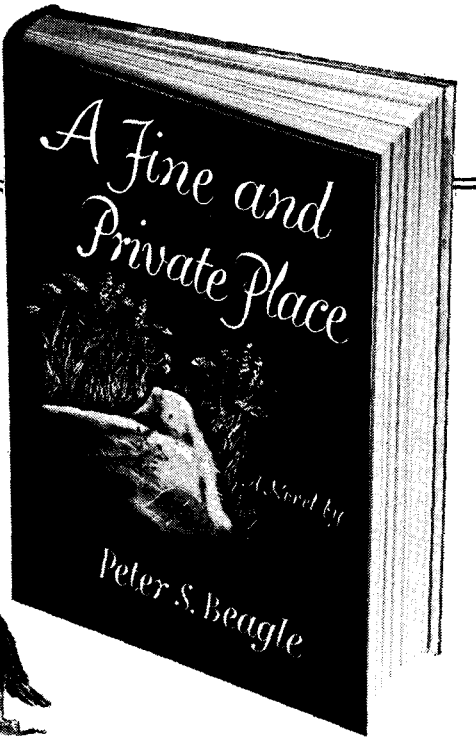

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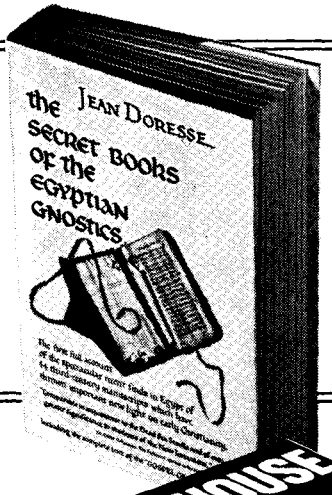

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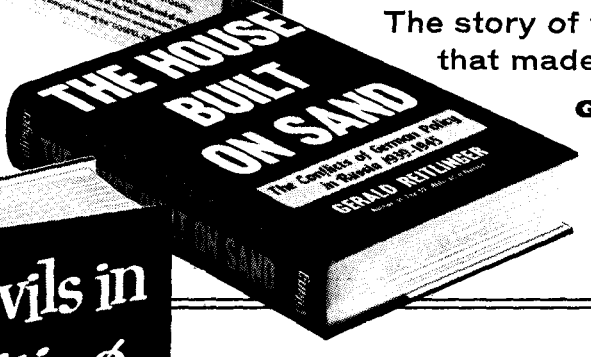

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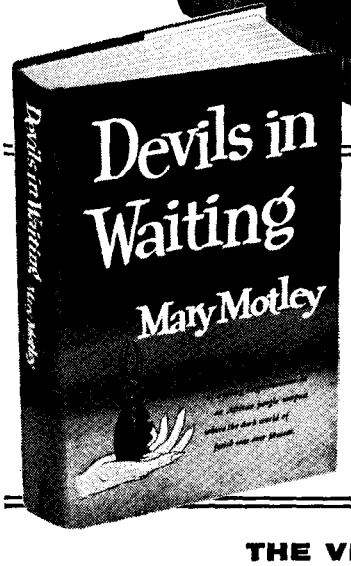

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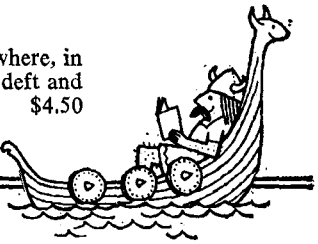

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One type of fiction I have never been able to read is the crime story.

Novels featuring famous detectives and tales of mounting suspense, hard-boiled American and tea-at-the-vicarage British: I've sampled them all. But, setting aside Poe and Wilkie Collins, Sherlock Holmes and Father Brown, I cannot honestly say I have enjoyed any.

I realize this represents a serious taste deficiency. After all, I have before me the example of great statesmen and famous writers, of Jacques Barzun and W. H. Auden, and even many of my fellow-editors. But I fear I am now too old a dog to learn new tricks, especially those thought up by the writers in this field.

I do know enough about the field, however, to be aware that, among connoisseurs, the Crime Club imprint stands for excellence. Over the years it has published such writers as Margery Allingham and Manning Coles, Arthur Upfield and Doris Miles Disney, as well as many others.

The newest Crime Club is "Versus Inspector Maigret," two shorter works in one volume by the famous Simenon. Another recent Crime Club well worth looking at is Philip MacDonald's "The List of Adrian Messenger," which won high honors in the annual Mystery Writers of America awards.

I recommend you see your bookseller for both books. While you're engrossed in them, I'll be finding my own "escape" in the latest Double-Crostic or the weekly crossword puzzle in *The Nation*.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Simenon's "Versus Inspector Maigret" ($3.50) and Philip Macdonald's "The List of Adrian Messenger" ($3.50) are published, like all Crime Club Books, by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Saturday Review

JUNE 11, 1960

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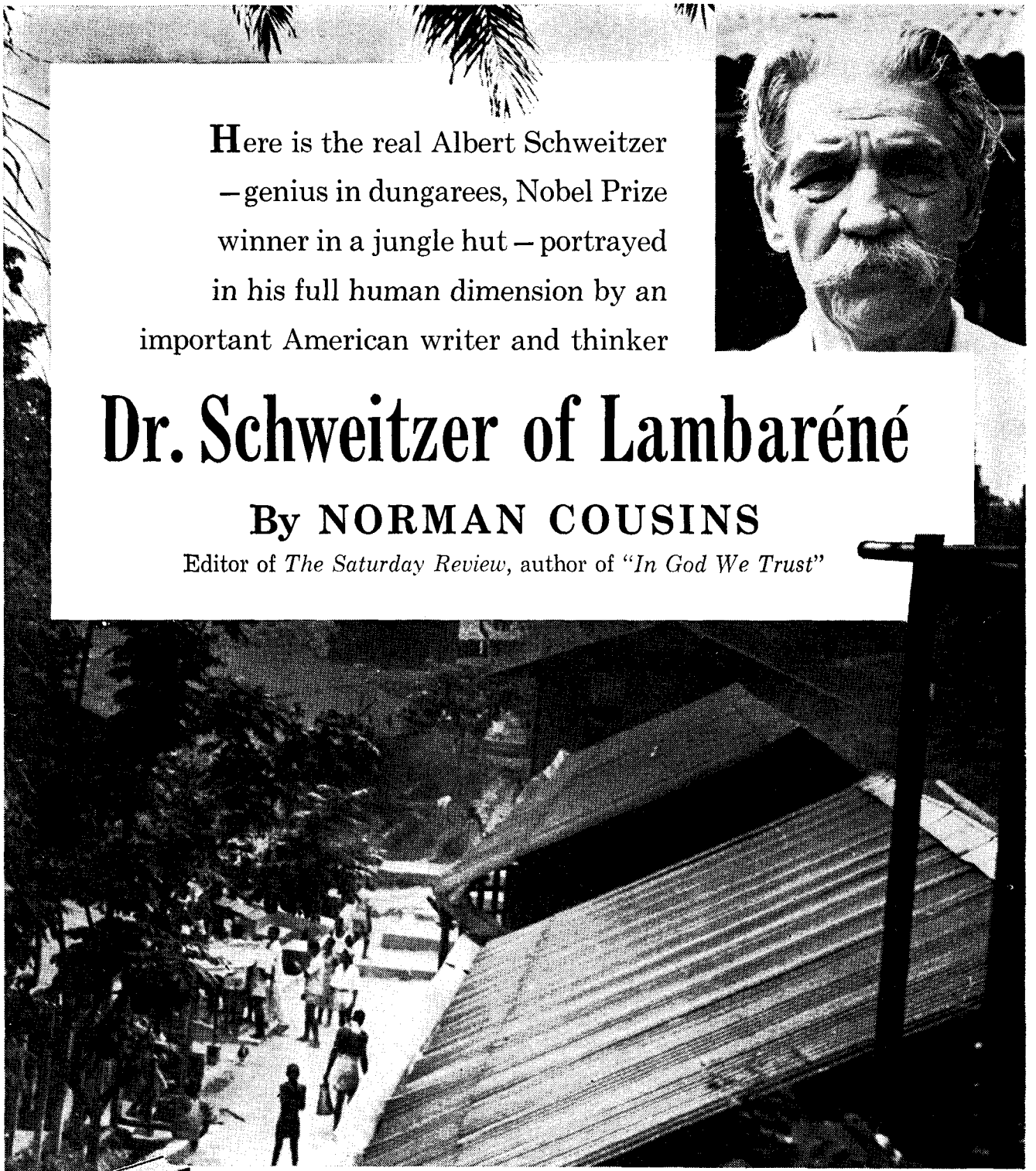
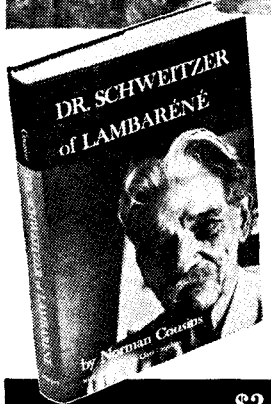
Dr. Schweitzer of Lambaréné

By NORMAN COUSINS

Editor of *The Saturday Review*, author of *"In God We Trust"*





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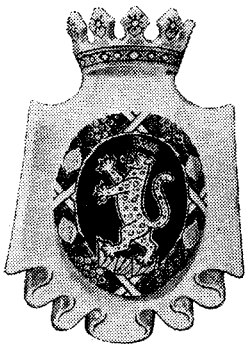

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Perspective/1960

By Theodore H. White

THE REPUBLICAN PREDICAMENT

THE FIREWORKS of national elections all too often obscure far more than they clarify.

Thus it is quite probable that this year's contest for the Presidency may conceal from today's voters what tomorrow's chroniclers will see as one of the most dramatic events in American political history: a testing of the Republican party, for survival or death.

This testing will take place far below the level of popular attention, for at the level of national excitement where the personality of President is chosen the Republicans can still mobilize their last great resource—their dominance in the vast arena of mass communications, of TV, of radio, of press and magazines, where images are marketed for national consumption. It is quite possible that this dominance may help manufacture a Republican victory at the Presidential level in November, 1960—but what worries many of the most sober and concerned of Republicans is whether they, or any other party, can long survive as a party such unfulfilled triumphs as those of 1952 and 1956.

• • •

It is perspective that gives best the dimensions of what worries the ablest Republican thinkers. Never in American history has a national party been so long and so persistently denied the right to shape national policy. For thirty years—since 1930—Republicans have managed to control Congress only twice. Never has any President so continuously been denied the opportunity to write his own legislation in Congress and across the land as Dwight D. Eisenhower, thrice deprived by Americans of a Congress of his own partisan faith.

As one shortens the perspective, the Republican predicament grows worse. In the off-year Congressional elections of the last decade, where parties are tested apart from the Presidency, the Republican base has shrunk with a remorseless, almost irreversible trend, from 49 per cent in 1950 to 47 per cent in 1954 to 43 per cent in 1958 to what some Republican analysts gloomily estimate as a 40 per cent base today. From 1950 to 1958, as the nation grew, Democrats added 5,500,000 voters to bring their base to 25,500,000; Republican votes were fixed in 1958 at 19,000,000 as they were in 1950.

Bringing the perspective to a still narrower focus, to the roots of politics in state and community, the reading is even gloomier. Not since the zenith of the New Deal in 1936 have regional Republican fortunes been lower at state-house levels where they control only fourteen of the forty-eight governorships and seven out of forty-eight state legislatures elected in 1958.

• • •

Over and over again, from coast to coast, below the effective reach of the mass media which they dominate, Republicans have seen a terrifying pattern of erosion repeat itself. On the Atlantic Coast, the 13th Massachusetts Congressional District, south of Boston, Republican since time out of mind, once full of shoe factories and old-line Yankees, now full of electronics and suburbanites, showed 60 per cent Republican in 1952, 58 per cent Republican in 1954, 55 per cent Republican in 1956—and then, flip, a Democrat elected in 1958 and Republicans reduced to a 45 per cent minority. Across the continent, on the Pacific, the same pattern: the First Congressional of California, fir-forested and tawny of slope, sprawling down the coast from Oregon to San Francisco Bay—no Democratic candidate at all in 1952, 59 per cent Republican in 1954, 53 per cent Republican in 1956 and then, flip, a Democrat elected in 1958 and Republicans reduced to a 45 per cent minority. Nor are these isolated examples. Similar patterns of unbroken erosion repeat in Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Illinois. Indeed, of the scrawny present Republican House delegation of 153 members, no less than thirty-nine hold their present seats by the scant margin of 53 per cent or less.

• • •

It is not the cold figures of the last decade's elections that alone paint the picture; it is the quality of conversation of responsible Republican leaders in Washington, conversation which runs the range from melancholy to demoralization.

Time was when Republicans, even

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in defeat, spoke with a ring of absolute conviction, a blind sense of inner indefinable moral purpose. Time was when almost any Republican echoed that ringing sound of authority attributed to Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, who in 1890 declared: "The men who do the work of piety and charity in our churches, the men who administer our school system, the men who own and till their own farms, . . . the soldiers, . . . the men who went to war and stayed all through, the men who paid the debt and kept the currency sound . . . and saved the nation's honor . . . commonly and as a rule, by the natural law of their being, find their place in the Republican party; while the old slave-owner and slave-driver, the saloon keeper, the ballot box stuffer, the Ku Klux Klan, the criminal class of the great cities, the men who cannot read and write, commonly and as a rule, by the natural law of their being find their congenial place in the Democratic party. . . ."

• • •

Such sounds of natural righteousness and deep confidence have not been heard from Republicans in Washington for years. Instead, the Republican sound today is one of confusion and uncertainty and, in the past few months, of a strange new note—bitterness against Dwight D. Eisenhower. In another six months, Eisenhower will be out of the heat of battle. With his coming, many Republicans once hoped, would come a restoration of purpose and program from which the party could build again as the Democrats built from Franklin D. Roosevelt's partisan leadership. Instead, on Eisenhower's departure, he leaves a party weaker than when he found it, with a dwindling base of voter loyalty, deprived of troops, workers, visions, dependent entirely on the mechanics of mass communication.

This hushed bitterness of authentic Republicans can be found everywhere—on Capitol Hill, in Republican National Headquarters, and even, where it is most guarded, in the entourage of Vice President Nixon. For it is Nixon who faces a possible future as President with the inescapable legacy of a bitterly hostile Democratic Senate and a probably hostile House. It is Nixon who must win not only for himself but in such a manner as to save his party also; it is Nixon now who must do what Eisenhower was supposed to do eight years ago. And, even for a man of the Vice President's formidable talents, the problem is a desperate one, as we shall see on examination in a later dispatch.

Space-age Communications

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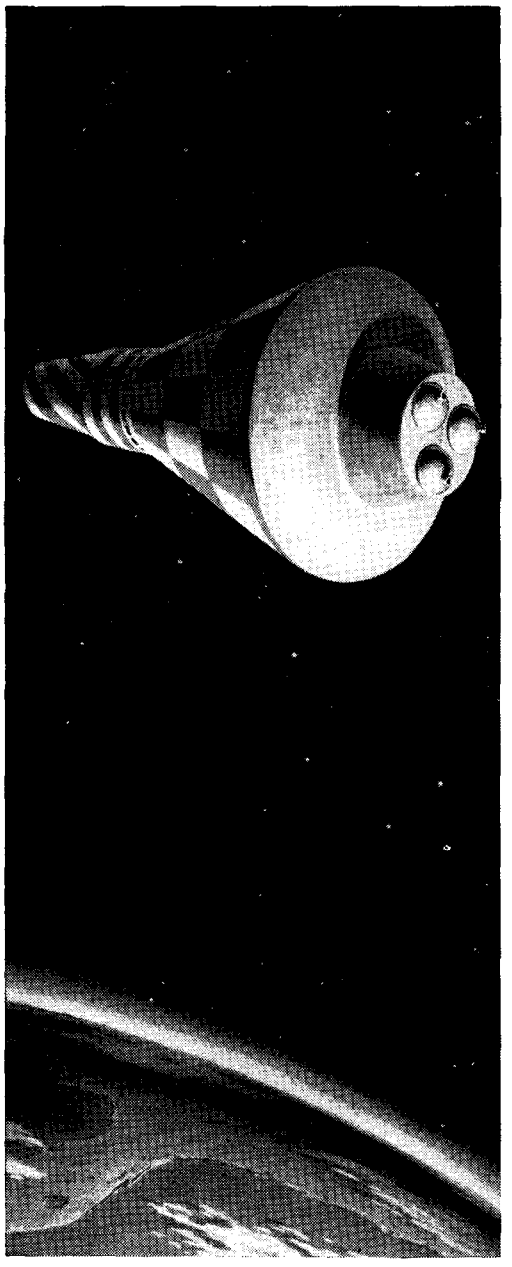


An artist's conception of the astronaut's capsule in orbit

is helping to create the world-wide communications and tracking network for America's first man into space

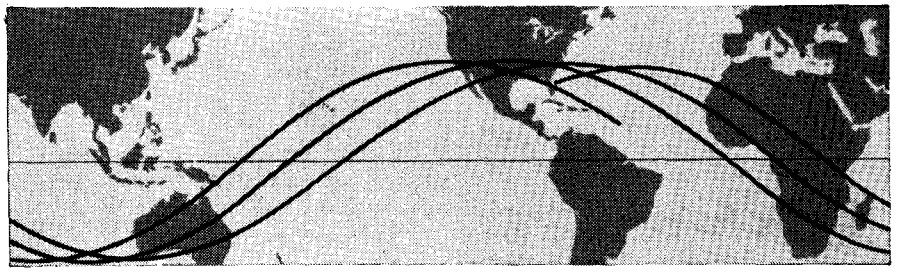
Another epoch-making space communications assignment was recently given to the Bell System.

Because of our experience in this field, we have been asked to set up a communication, telemetry and tracking network which will girdle the globe and maintain contact for Project Mercury —America's effort to put a man into orbit.

Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, heads an industrial team which will create this network for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

In all, 18 stations around the world are being constructed for the network, using existing radar and communication facilities where possible. The network's mission: to track and monitor the flight of the space capsule, transmit signals to its instruments, and provide a dependable voice channel between the astronaut and his colleagues on earth.

Creating communications systems for the space era which are as reliable as man can make them is familiar work for the Bell System. It's a natural development of the telephone system which serves you so well today, and will serve you still better in the future.



Black lines represent expected orbits of the astronaut's capsule. Project Mercury ground stations will be close to the orbital path

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TRADE Winds

FRED KERNER, of the Fawcett World Library, writes to deny that there is any trend toward longer books. Quoting verbatim from an Overseas Press Club *Bulletin,* he sends along this item:

"*Coronet* editor Ray Robinson expects to have his 80-word book manuscript on the late Mario Lanza completed and off to the publisher by June 1."

Some people just never could write telegrams.

JULIAN BERCOVICI, the network television executive, recently completed a thorough study of William Strunk's book, "The Elements of Style," which insists on terseness and brevity above all else.

"Right after I read the book," writes Mr. Bercovici, "I went four weeks without speaking."

WE WERE a little stunned to note that Chilton is publishing a new volume, "The Home Encyclopedia of Modern Surgery." It seemed inevitable that this would be followed by a do-it-yourself appendectomy kit, complete with no-stretch sutures.

We were relieved to find that the book won't put any surgeons out of work: it's designed to equip the patient with information prior to the trip to the hospital.

MELVA WEBER, of New York City, drops a note on her morning's thought while dishwashing:

"A new concept for nudist family living crossed my mind: *Altogetherness.*"

WE HAVE BEEN fascinated for a good many months by the news story of the young nightclub dancer who has literally cleaned up millions of dollars as an amateur stock speculator. When we learned he had written a new book on the subject ("How I Made Two Million Dollars in the Stock Market"), we dashed over to the Plaza to find out just how a neophyte would go about this process.

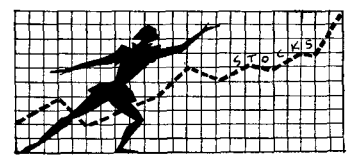
Nicholas Darvas is a young, quiet, unassuming man who dresses conservatively, talks softly, and thinks fast. At the Oak Room, we soon found out that profits in the stock market don't grow on ticker tapes—and that in order to be a good amateur, you have to be almost better than a professional.

"Every book you read about the stock market," Mr. Darvas told us, "seems to be patronizing and condescending. The authors always claim to *know.* But if they do, why aren't they multimillionaires? Or maybe they know in theory, but can't put that theory into practice. I've never yet seen a textbook approach that could be of value.

"I think the secret of the whole business lies in *emotional* factors—in a mental attitude toward the market which suits your own personality. The only possible way to avoid catastrophe is to take a small loss immediately. If you're not emotionally equipped to do this, the situation is hopeless.

"That's why my book itself is emotional in approach. A textbook never made a good doctor, and there's no reason why this shouldn't apply to the stock expert. I did the opposite of what is usually done with this sort of book. If you're looking for tips, there are none. And if there's any one lesson, it's to learn to cut your losses short before they get big."

The legend that Mr. Darvas was merely a dancer (of the team Julia and Darvas) who had a brilliant, intuitive insight is of course totally inaccurate. Born in Budapest, he received his doctor's degree there in sociology, but took up dancing in Europe because there seemed to be no other way to make a living. As a dancer, he studied and rehearsed six to eight hours a day. He became interested in the stock market by pure coincidence, when a nightclub owner did not have enough money to pay him, and gave him stock instead. The stock later soared, and he began



to apply the same energy to the study of economics as he did to his dancing. He studied six to eight hours a day for five years before he began investing seriously.

Mr. Darvas will be speaking at the American Booksellers Association meeting in Chicago, when they get together the second week in June.

ANOTHER SPEAKER at the same gathering will be Arlene Francis, whose first book, "That Certain Something—The Magic of Charm," went into its second printing even before it was issued.

Not included in the book is a tale about one of the many misadventures which came her way during her three

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years with the NBC-TV "Home" show, under a succession of insecure producers.

During the rehearsal of a remote broadcast from a swimming pool in Hollywood, Miss Francis was handling the commentary for a group of expert divers exhibiting their talents. In order to set the shots for the camera, the director instructed the floor manager to ask the first diver to repeat her dive four or five times. The diver obliged, but each time became more awkward and less expert. Finally, Miss Francis leaned over the pool and asked the diver if she wasn't getting herself too tired out for the show.

"*What* show?" asked the diver. "I'm just a guest at the hotel here!"

ONE OF THE BEEFIEST publishing jobs in the country is the compiling of the Red Book (or Yellow Pages, since the project is referred to as both), the classified advertising section of the New York phone book. It weighs in at five pounds per volume, and has the distinction of beginning its classifications with "Abattoirs" and ending with "Zippers." Among the other conveniences you can find in it, by category, are "Animal Hair," "Anvils," and "Testimonial Endorsements Secured." At least one prosperous restaurant chain was founded because of the book (William Black ran across the heading "Shelled Nuts" and began his booming chain called Chock Full O' Nuts as a result); and one Broadway hit, "The Bells Are Ringing," was inspired by a telephone answering service ad on the back cover of the book.

People are constantly leaving things in the old books when they are collected to be made into pulp: love letters, money, term papers, and so forth. The Reuben H. Donnelly Company, which handles the book for the phone company, takes great pains to see that they are returned whenever possible.

But the most unusual use for old phone books was recorded a few years ago: 800 copies were order by a fruit company in South America to bullet-proof a truck against bandits.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1367)

Jack Hines:
MINSTREL OF THE YUKON

Miraculously, Quinn's place had just been knocked off its piling and carried about three feet inshore by the storm. We found the piano wedged in a doorway, but we could still sing to it. With no chance of finding a bed in Nome that night, we all lay on the floor to sleep.

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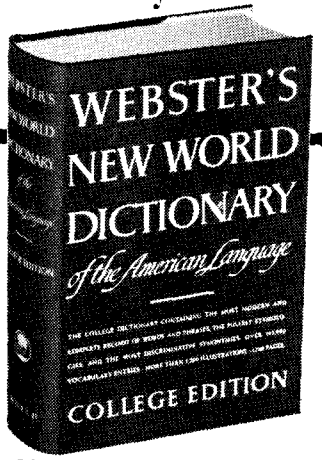

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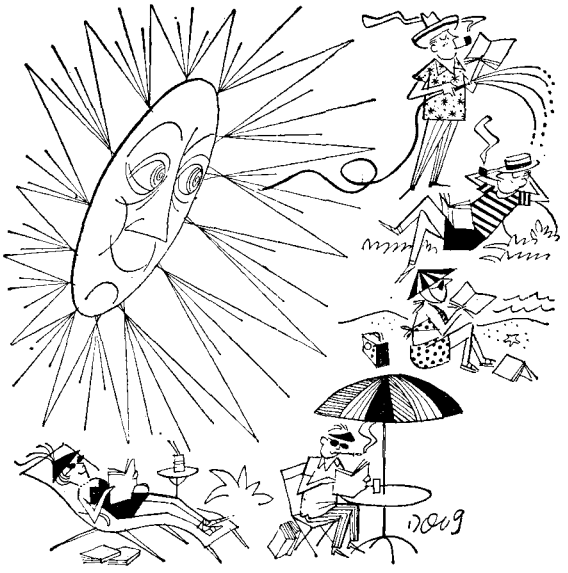
Saturday Review
JUNE 11, 1960



STORIES FOR THE SULTRY SEASON

By EVAN JONES

WHAT IS summer reading? For one New Yorker recently, these two words conjured in his mind a young-manhood memory of a willow tree under which he read the whole of Proust in moments snatched from haying. For countless others, the phrase means a hammock, a spot of shade, and a romantic plot as effulgent as the weather itself. Summer reading, for a more serious group, includes the chewy, meaty contemporary non-fiction that is often put aside until the arrival of a time of long leisure.

In the only scientific study of the subject to come to the attention of this interested reader, Ellsworth Huntington of Yale found that summer reading most often meant fiction. "The maximum in the reading of fiction," he said, "occurs when the temperature averages close to 78 degrees, when their is little wind and the air is exceedingly sticky and humid, and when the monthly rainfall amounts to eight inches."

He was dead serious. With figures covering a twenty-year period, he said the reason for the summer maximum in fiction "appears to be predominately climatic, although cultural conditions play a part. It represents an effort to pass the time in the easiest possible fashion. It is a sort of escape mechanism set in motion by heat and encouraged by vacations, the dates of which are set mainly by the weather." His figures showed that at Calgary, in latitude 51 degrees North, the maximum reading of serious books occurred in mid-February, when the temperature averaged only 13 degrees. At Tampa, New Orleans, and Houston, the peak month for nonfiction was March, when the thermometer fluctuated between 62 and 68 degrees.

He stressed the importance of climate rather than leisure. "Many people in Winnipeg and Boston take summer vacations," Huntington went on, "but these lead to only a little visible increase in the reading of fiction. Moreover, as a rule, especially in the South, the circulation of fiction begins to increase by the end of May, before vacations are common. The increase is closely proportional to the degree to which heat and humidity make the weather enervating."

Anthropogeographically correct as Huntington's data undoubtedly are, there seems a reluctance in the book world to admit that readers' tastes change much from one season to another. "A good reader doesn't let down his standards in summer any more than at any other time of year," a librarian of forty years' experience said not long ago. Nor would a veteran publisher acknowledge that there is such a thing as "a summer novel." Yet at Macy's book department, which by itself sold 60,000 copies of "Anthony Adverse" in 1933, the strong belief is that summer brings the greatest demand for light, romantic fiction: "The demand is for the book that can be picked up and then forgotten, that can be read on the plane—the book that requires a minimum of attention when the weather is warm and people are lazy."

AS a case in point, Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" was introduced on June 26 with great publicity aimed at the summer reader, and its sales through the hot weather that followed averaged 10,000 copies a week. Two years later, almost to the day, Macmillan published "Gone With the Wind," to the accompaniment of advertising that called it "Three novels in one—1,057 pages—a complete vacation's reading." Needless to say, both these novels have provided relaxing hours through many summers since, as well as in the seasons in between.

The coin, as always, is two-sided. Scores of well-remembered—and vastly popular—novels have started out as summer reading. And just as many others have had a successful season in the sun, only to be largely forgotten soon after the leaves began to fall. Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" sold well enough during its first summer in 1916, but much more popular among hot-weather readers that year was Eleanor Porter's "Just David." "The

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To assemble this annual "Books for Summer Reading" issue, SR's editors and reviewers sought out a quiet, shaded spot and, with stacks of the season's new and forthcoming offerings close at hand, surveyed some of the books that will provide lively, provocative reading from now until fall—and perhaps beyond. The results are found in a poll of newspaper critics, a check list of choice summer reading, and the book reviews on the following pages. In the article beginning on the opposite page, Evan Jones, a veteran hammock reader and the author of the recently published "The Father," takes a nostalgic look at a few of the books that have found fame during some 200 past summers.

Great Gatsby" came out in April, 1925, and by October the original sale had run its course—"a book for the season only," according to one reviewer, because "what has never been alive cannot very well go on living." Thirty-five years later, Arthur Mizener spoke for posterity when he called Fitzgerald's "summer novel" a classic of twentieth-century American fiction.

Yet if there is such a thing as a summer novel, it is probably at least distantly related to the long line of moralistic romances that began with the appearance in 1789 of America's first novel and that ran on racily through the nineteenth century. The lineage could be traced still further, to Samuel Richardson's epistolary "Pamela," for the first book-length work of fiction to be written and published in the United States was also an epistolary opus, "The Power of Sympathy: or, the Triumph of Nature," by William Hill Brown. Brown's novel missed being lapped up by summer readers of 1789 only because it was based on actual events, and the proper Bostonians who were the originals of the author's characters spent the spring months buying up and burning every copy they could get their hands on.

Soon, according to Royall Tyler, the nation's first playwright, "in our inland towns of consequence, social libraries had been instituted, composed of books designed to amuse rather than to instruct." On the farms the new generation was learning the three Rs, and youngsters spent evenings reading to their parents. "If John goes to town with a load of hay," says a contemporary report of this era, "he is charged to be sure not to forget to bring home 'Peregrine Pickle's Adventures,' and when Dolly is sent to market to sell her eggs, she is commissioned to purchase 'The History of Pamela Andrews.'" Summer products were exchanged for summer reading.

The fictional fare in those days was bad enough to turn a dissatisfied reader into a memorable writer. James Fenimore Cooper one sunny day stopped in the middle of reading a novel to his wife and flung the offending story aside, muttering over its dulness. He was promptly challenged by Mrs. Cooper to write something better, and "Precaution; or, Prevention Is Better Than Cure" was the result. It was being read in the summer of 1820, but it was hardly a success. "This neglect of the reading world," Cooper said later, was something "to see if I could not overcome" by writing "The Spy." The first of the Leather-Stocking Tales soon followed.

Yet nothing, it seems, could stop the light romance that had so much appeal as a way "to pass the time in the easiest possible fashion." Nathaniel Hawthorne's first novel, "Fanshawe," published in 1828, was a failure; "Twice-Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse" did little more than enhance his reputation among the discerning few. "The task of the novel writer of today is much more arduous than . . . thirty years ago," a New York reviewer said at about this time. "There are as many good critics of novels as there were readers of them formerly. The public taste has grown nice." But it was not the kind of niceness to encourage writers like Hawthorne. In 1837, in the middle of that year's Panic, a historical novel called "Nick of the Woods," by Robert Montgomery Bird, dominated the summer scene. In such a literary climate, Hawthorne was on the verge of giving up before his own masterpiece was published.

JAMES T. FIELD, the publisher, tells of going to Salem to find Hawthorne in "a very desponding mood." Field tried fruitlessly to get the novelist to admit that he had a manuscript. "He shook his head and gave me to understand that he had produced nothing. At that moment I caught sight of a chest of drawers near where we had been sitting, and immediately it occurred to me that hidden away in that piece of furniture was a story . . . and I became so positive of it that I charged him vehemently with the fact." Still Hawthorne wouldn't budge, and Field found that he had to run to catch his train for Boston. "I was hurrying down the stairs when he called after me. . . . With a roll of manuscript in his hands, he said: 'How in Heaven's name did you know this thing was there? As you have found me out, take what I have written, and tell me, after you have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad—I don't know which.'" Thus was the "The Scarlet Letter" made ready for the summer of 1850. It was then that a stagecoach traveler overheard some embarrassed gossip about the new book. "These young girls," the traveler said, "had done injury to their sense of delicacy, by devouring such a dirty story. . . . they had enough of Mother Eve in them to know that they were ridiculous and that shame was their best retreat." Still, even this kind of reaction helped 1850 to give Hawthorne a mildly successful summer. "The Scarlet Letter" sold 4,000 copies in its first ten days, its second printing sold out before delivery, and it continued to sell for several months.

A few years later, however, Hawthorne's masterpiece was still no match for the real best-sellers of the day. "America," he wrote to his publisher, "is now wholly given over to a d—————d mob of scribbling women, and I should have no chance of success while the public taste is occupied with their trash —and should be ashamed of myself if I did succeed. What is the mystery of these innumerable editions of the 'Lamplighter,' and other books neither better nor worse?—worse they could not be, and better they need not be, when they sell by the 100,000." But readers lounging in hammocks did not judge the book on its literary merit or lack thereof.

The summer after "The Scarlet Letter" made its first splash, a sensation more typical of the times was made by "The Wide, Wide World," a mawkishly sentimental and repulsively pious novel by Susan Warner. Ellen of "The Wide, Wide World" was every treacly inch a match for Gerty of "The Lamplighter." She was literally too good to be true and too lachrymose to be anything but ludicrous. A reviewer of the book filled half a column by simply running together the author's phrases about Ellen's weeping: "Her tears almost choked her, began to drop again, brought no relief, came faster than her words, dropped into the water, fell faster, fell from the eyes, fell much too fast for her eyes to do their work, flowed, flowed faster than ever, followed in a flood, gushed forth, had to be wiped away, kept coming all the

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time, knew no measure, mingled, poured, ran down her cheeks, ran down her face and frock, ran fast again, ran fast down her face and fell into her lap, rose to her eyes, rushed to her eyes, started, streamed from her eyes, used to flow abundantly when they could unseen. . . ." It was a wet, wet summer for Ellen and her world of smitten readers.

But somehow, tearful Ellen and "The Wide, Wide World" kept summer readers happy all year round. G. P. Putnam, who had published "Mosses from an Old Manse," could not resist reporting to Hawthorne that Susan Warner "received from us for six months' sales $4,500." Certainly Putnam was luckier with Miss Warner than he had been with Hawthorne, for on the former he had followed his mother's advice.

The story of how "The Wide, Wide World" found a publisher, and later a host of readers seeking escape, is told by Susan Warner's sister, who was also a member of the "mob of scribbling women." Anna Warner wrote that "there came a day when the MS.—lovingly wrapped and tied (young authors will understand)—was sent off like Puss in Boots, to seek a fortune for its owner. Only the redoubtable cat went alone: while the book was to be taken by my father, to the publisher he knew best. [But] the beloved story which was later to win so many hearts, could not at first gain a hearing; it was refused by almost all the leading book firms in New York. [Then] 'the big little book' went gaily sailing down to Staten Island, where Mr. Putnam had his summer home.

"It was the time of times for it to go. For Mr. Putnam's mother was just then on a visit at his house; and what better could he do for her amusement than to hand over the new MS. for her to judge and read?

"'See if it is worth publishing,' he said. And before long came this clean-cut answer:

"'If you never publish another book, publish this.'"

The senior Mrs. Putnam may have been no critic, but she knew how to recognize a story that was just the thing for hammocks and leisure time. Published early in 1851, "The Wide, Wide World" was as hot that summer as the weather itself. In her journal, the ecstatic author wrote: "Aug. 5. A Newark paper sent me by Mr. Putnam with such a notice of the W.W.W.!—above everything I have seen yet." Before its flimsy life was spent, this saccharine story had sold more than 225,000 copies. The year of "The Wide, Wide World" was the year of the arrival of "The House of Seven Gables," which had a modest sale of 6,500. Yet Hawthorne's publisher was not too discouraged to issue "The Blithedale Romance" in June of the following year with an edition of 5,090, and in July he printed 2,350 more. Unfortunately, when summer was over the sales stopped. Hawthorne's elegant prose could not compete with the gushing style of the ladies.

HAWTHORNE left no comment on "the W.W.W.," but he did revise his opinion somewhat when he read the sanctimonious product of another of the "scribbling women." He wrote his publisher that since his "vituperation on female authors," he had "been reading 'Ruth Hall'; and I must say I enjoyed it a good deal. The woman writes as if the Devil was in her; and that is the only condition under which a woman ever writes anything worth reading. . . ." "Ruth Hall" was an autobiographical novel about a woman who was a "model wife, a model mother, a model widow, a model saint." Its devil-inspired author signed herself Fanny Fern, and she was the sister of the popular journalist N. P. Wilis; she later became the wife of the historian James Parton, and for sixteen years she collected anywhere from $100 to $1,000 a week for her column in the *New York Ledger*.

In spite of kind words about "Ruth Hall," summer reading wasn't improving much. In the *National Quarterly*, June, 1860, there appeared this paragraph: "It is a truth, sadly attested by the times in which we live, that literature, like human society, is growing more degenerate every year. At the present day the great mass of the reading matter of the public is composed of the most worthless and enervating effusions of the many would-be authors whose names fill the annals of nineteenth-century literature. . . . Nine out of every ten (nay, we may say ninety-nine out of every hundred) persons prefer the stories of Mrs. Southworth and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., to the noble productions of Miss Muloch and George Elliott [*sic*]. 'The Hidden Hand' and 'The Gunmaker of Moscow' are far more universally read than 'John Halifax' and 'The Mill on the Floss.'"

"The Hidden Hand" was the work of a writer who once told an interviewer that among the thousands of people she had met in her career she had "never found one who has not read some of my books." This fortunate lady had an even more fortunate signature—Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth—and she made it pay. Though it seems difficult now to understand why her books should have lasted more than one summer, for years she had a great vogue and at least three imitators capitalizing on her byline: Mrs. S. A. Southworth, Ella Southworth, and Emma S. Southworth. A sample of the style of Mrs. E. (for Emma) D. (for Dorothy) E. (for Eliza) N. (for Nevitte) Southworth is too frenetic to be ignored. In "The Curse of Clifton," which she offered to summer readers in 1852, Captain Clifton's stepmother delivers a villainous soliloquy after she realizes that she has betrayed herself to her household:

> "I could tear my heart out! I could bite my tongue off, for thus betraying me! Shall I ever have the power to chain and guide the tiger in me? But *he*, with his doting, and *they*, with their dalliance, goad me to extremity! *But*," she exclaimed, clenching her fist, setting her teeth,

(*Continued on page* 41)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Heritage: West and Down-East

By Granville Hicks

THE TWO NOVELS I am reviewing have nothing in common except the fact that both depict the American past. In "**The Stars in Their Courses**" (Knopf, $4.50) Harry Brown has chosen a violent place and time—the West in 1879—and violence is what he writes about. Mary Ellen Chase's "**The Lovely Ambition**" (Norton, $3.95) portrays a Maine town in the first years of the twentieth century, and the writing is as quiet as the life she describes. Neither author, of course, can be judged by the material he has selected; all that counts is what he has done with it.

In "The Stars in Their Courses" we encounter the Randal family, the largest landowners in the Forkhandle country: Perce Randal and his three sons, Hallock, Pax, and Luke. We meet them and their neighbors at a jamboree held in honor of Luke's twenty-first birthday, a festivity that demonstrates the Randals' prosperity and prestige. But trouble lies ahead for them. That same day it is discovered that the water in the Forkhandle River, on which all the ranchers depend, is going down, and Mark Lacy, who already has a grudge against the Randals, spreads the report that they have dammed one of the river's branches. Mark's wrath is intensified when his wife, Ellen, leaves him and takes refuge at the Randal ranch, and he recruits a force of ranchers and cowhands to destroy the alleged dam. After that there is plenty of shooting, and in the end all three of Perce Randal's sons are dead, as well as a lot of other people.

Although there is killing enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty Western fan, it is clear from the start, if only because of the style, that Brown is trying to do something other than a routine Western. Here, for instance, is the beginning of a long passage about Arch Eastmere, a lone wolf, who has reluctantly allied himself with the Lacy faction:

> Tall Arch Eastmere rode toward the noonday. The birds of the morning were loud around him. They sang in the grass and from the tree branches. They cried in their passage through the air. The birds of the field were loud on the gray rocks. The birds of the high places spoke from the spruce. Their roof was the cloud, and their path was a broad one.

Many passages are equally fancy, and some are even more portentous.

Gradually the reader realizes what Brown is up to: he is retelling the story of the "Iliad." Ellen Lacy is Helen, and her husband, Mark Lacy, is Menelaus. Perce Randal is Priam, Hallock is Hector, and Pax is Paris. Cora, the lugubrious sister, is Cassandra. After Pace Gray (Patroclus) is killed, Arch Eastlake (Achilles) avenges him. Alan Lacy (Agamemnon) is murdered by his wife and her lover. There are many other parallels.

The device, when one first catches onto it, seems amusing, but I cannot see that it accomplishes much. If Brown is saying that the siege of Troy was no more than a cattlemen's shooting fracas, the point is scarcely valid. If, on the contrary, he is trying to lend dignity and tragic force to the ranchers' war, he fails to achieve his end. The Homeric parallels do not add to the impressiveness of the characters, and sometimes they detract from their verisimilitude. I am afraid that Brown's idea has only succeeded in spoiling what wouldn't at best have been a very distinguished Western.

"THE Lovely Ambition" is the story of a few years in the life of an English family that migrates to the state of Maine. The father, John Tilyard, is a Methodist clergyman and, in the eyes of his daughter, who tells the story, a true Christian. At the beginning he is living in Cambridgeshire with his wife and their three children—the narrator and her twin brother, Anselm, and their older sister, Mary. In the first part we see the family life, share Mr. Tilyard's interest in the agricultural activities of his neighbors, come to understand his attitude towards his ecclesiastical duties. The simple incidents of the Tilyards' existence are set forth with such affection and with such quiet authority that, if one did not know better, one would assume this to be a memoir. (Miss Chase was not born in England, and her father was not a clergyman.)

Inspired by Alexis de Tocqueville and Henry David Thoreau, Mr. Tilyard has a longing to go to America, and when he is proffered a parish in Maine, he accepts. There is the voyage, enlivened by the presence of the Reverend Abraham Plimsoll, a Primitive Methodist with fourteen children. Then there is the trip through the strange New England landscape, and at last the settling down in Pepperell on the Maine coast.

Now, of course, Miss Chase is really on home ground, and she writes tenderly, as she has often done before, of the Maine countryside and the Maine people. Her work has sometimes been compared with that of Sara Orne Jewett, and with this book the comparison is inevitable. Miss Chase not only knows and loves Maine as Miss Jewett did; she has the same sort of feeling for character. Miss Jewett, I think, would have enjoyed the descriptions of the three mentally disturbed persons introduced into the household by Mr. Tilyard, who has become chaplain of the state hospital for the insane. The portrait of Mrs. Gowan, who in unhappy moments believes she is Betsy Ross, is deeply touching.

Miss Chase can be as discursive as Miss Jewett ever was, but she keeps her eye on her object, which is the portrayal of a good man. Mrs. Tilyard says of her husband: "He just doesn't see evil and confusion and selfishness, or if he ever does, he thinks we can make all things perfect or at least less imperfect, if we only believe that we can. It's absurd, of course, but I suppose that's really why we love him as we do." The reader, too, finds Mr. Tilyard lovable, admirable, absurd, and in the end credible. The narrator, looking back over fifty years at two wars and at "tyranny and cruelty and sin which might have lessened even my father's lovely ambitions and tenacious faith," acknowledges that he belonged to another time, but we do believe that in that time he lived.

Miss Chase has succeeded in doing what she set out to do, and for that reason her novel is better than Mr. Brown's, which is a good deal more pretentious and more in harmony with prevailing tastes. "The Lovely Ambition" is saturated with nostalgia, and its sentiment skirts the very edge of sentimentality. Plenty of readers, for reasons that might or might not be respected, won't like it, and even those who like it best won't make extravagant claims for it. It is not by anybody's standards a major novel. But it has its fine moments, some of them radiant (what could shine more brightly than the description of the Tilyards' first spring in Pepperell?) and some of them somber enough. And it does remind us that there was a time when goodness seemed more achievable than it does today.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK

A Poet Calls for Involvement

"The Selected Writings of Salvatore Quasimodo," *translated by Allen Mandelbaum (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 269 pp. $5), allows the English-speaking reader an opportunity to appreciate the qualities of this Sicilian poet's works. Robert J. Clements is director of Comparative Literature in the Graduate School of New York University.*

By Robert J. Clements

NOBEL PRIZES go less easily to the mainlanders of Italy than to the islanders: Grazia Deledda, Pirandello, and Quasimodo. This seems appropriate, for these writers reach high peaks when exploiting their insular locales of Sardinia and Sicily. Even if Quasimodo would never utilize the rich and earthy Sicilian speech, as did Pirandello, he remains admittedly a Sicilian Greek (*"greco siculo"*) endowed with the one gift bestowed by that stark, picturesque island: a tremendous flair for words and communication. Although young Turiddu (Sicilian for Salvatore) abandoned his homeland, "fled by night in a short coat, a few lines in his pocket," his greatest poetry sings of that island. The English-speaking world can at last read Quasimodo, for he and Allen Mandelbaum have selected nine-tenths of the poems in those eleven slim volumes covering the years 1930-1958 and made them available in English. As with his translations from Ungaretti, Mandelbaum courageously invites comparison by placing Italian and English texts on facing pages. The whole has been studiously checked by Quasimodo, himself an able translator of writers from Aeschylus to e. e. cummings. Since Quasimodo composes in free verse and without rhyme, and his stylistic tricks are simple enough (suppression of articles and conjunctions, for example), the original lines can be rendered in exact approximation. The original beauties—and hermetic qualities—slip easily into the English. No need here for reservations about *traduttore traditore*. A faithful rendering has left the English itself distinguished.

This almost-complete florilegium, suppressing such minor poems as Quasimodo's diatribe against a hated "poet of the North," gives us a many-sided Quasimodo. There is Quasimodo the theorist, the *poète engagé*, the Sicilian, the landscapist and seascapist, the weaver of words, the classicist, the Christian, and even the *maudit*. A word must be said for each of these.

The collection opens with the prose "Discourse on Poetry" of 1953. The tone is more expectant and hopeful than usual. Italy has survived such ordeals as crepuscular poetry, futurism, hermeticism, and military occupation. The exuberant eloquence of the South is still here as Quasimodo preaches that poetry must never return to Petrarchism and Arcadia or more recent-isms, must become a "dialogue with man," must face up to politics, wards, and the bankruptcy of philosophy. Seven years after Sartre called for the *engagé* writer at UNESCO, Quasimodo calls for such poets in Italy. "The position of the poet cannot be passive in society."

Heralded thereafter as an *engagé* poet himself, he even convinced the Nobel jurymen of this dubious status and accepted their $42,606 for his "lyrical poetry which with classical fire expresses the tragic experience of life in our time." Of course, it is unusual to find an Italian poet with a classical formation singing even briefly of air raids, Auschwitz, Sputnik (for the Communist paper *Unità*), and the hanging of Mussolini and Clara Petacci, grotesque in death with her net can-can stockings. It is in the poet's province to versify these things in retrospect. The imagery of verse is enriched by such sights as "geraniums kindled on a bullet-riddled wall." Yet Quasimodo was no "involved" writer during Fascism as were Leo Ferrero, Silone, and Borgese. Indeed, when Sartre coined the phrase to describe Voltaire, Zola, and Gide, he had in mind more militant activists than Quasimodo. During the war Quasimodo spent much time in translation, and when resisters were being hanged, "on the willow branches by our vow / Our lyres too were hung." Political involvement in the Sartrean sense means coming into open conflict with incumbent powers, and thus Pasternak, accused by Quasimodo of being "as far from our generation as the moon," is more *engagé* than our Sicilian. Nor, one must add, does political *engagement* mean poetising the Party line, as did Pablo Neruda, whom Quasimodo has admired and translated. His attempts to be politically aware led Quasimodo to join the Communist Party briefly in 1946.

As the present selection shows, the greatness of Quasimodo is in his traditional power of nature description, classical expression, and concern with the eternal themes of death, love, solitude, campanilism, and reminiscence. The recollections of Sicily's harsh beauties are magnificent, even though his pity for the South equals his love for it. In his sonnet "Lament for the South" he protests over and over: "No one will ever take me South again." Yet his very vision was formed as a Sicilian's. When he looks at the same sky you and I view at night, the sky is as local as his parish bell-tower.

Quasimodo the paysagist is of the impressionist school. The word-paintings in his earlier and latest poems are sheer delight. The cumulative effect of his nature elements is powerful: over his landscapes soar herons, cranes, crows, ravens, doves, gulls, laughing magpies, climbing marsh hens, and owls that howl a dog's lament. Trees, for example, gradually flood his canvases: Greek oranges, eucalyptus, poplars, alders, oleanders, wind-swipt pines, oak, ilex, willows, lindens, and Saracen olives. The eye takes delight in this teeming world. So does the ear. Writes Quasimodo, "In me is the love of sounds." All types are here, from the shrill of a shepherd's horn to the rifle shots of a night patrol, not to forget the moaning of green maggots and the howling of trees. We can smell the acrid odor of lindens, the stench of animal dens, the fumes of sulphur and smoke. And we can feel, too—many things—but especially the wind, the sirocco scented with orange blossoms and blowing the horses' manes. The poet's passion for water is great, whether stagnant, flowing, whirling, ripening in salt, or gushing "white with the sloughs of snakes."

Quasimodo the weaver of words is still and always a member of the hermetic school he has theoretically rejected. The difficulty does not arise, as it does with earlier Italian poets from Leopardi on, with syntax, learned references, or lexical archaicism. The words are familiar and brilliantly clear; in their collectivity they baffle us. We strain to understand the meaning of "beaches where run in heat horses of moon and volcanoes." We squint over:

> My life—smiling, cruel inhabitants
> of my ways, my landscapes—
> has no handles to its doors.

At other times the brief pieces have the succinctness and clarity of hokku:

> Each alone on the heart of the earth

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impaled upon a ray of sun;
and suddenly it's evening.

In the concluding essay of this collection, Quasimodo comments on Eliot's praise of Dante's simplicity of language and cautions: "the simple style is a very difficult style." Quasimodo is evaluating his own works as much as Dante's.

Quasimodo the classicist is represented here. Greek blood (a grandmother was from Patras) incited him, as it had Foscolo, to embark on the study of Greek as well as Latin. Sicily he views as a Greek island. The sound of its place names are as music to him: "rivers whose Greek names, spoken, are soft verses." None of his translations from the Greek are here, but Greek themes and forms appear, notably in "Erato and Apollyon" of 1932-1936.

Quasimodo the Christian vacillates between doubt and belief. Coming from an island where public notices command: "Do not blaspheme the faith," he is cautious, despite his basic belief that "the decadence of Christian culture is under way." There is timid doubt: "God of the tumors, God of the living flower" brings good and bad almost indifferently. God is not at our side when we falter. "Again you leave me, I am alone in the shade that spreads into evening." At other times he is at peace with his God: "My blood is Thine,/Lord, let us die."

The poet has a fascinating side, an underside, varying from Leopardian "lonely sparrow" through *maudit* and beatnik to paranoiac. He who translated Petrarch's "De vita solitaria" compares himself to a shipwreck, "I am a man alone/A lone hell." His solitude is a "precocious version of death." He even won the Nobel Prize, by the way, by "fighting alone" for it, as he said. He feels accursed. "Of every grief/was I brought forth first born." Like Baudelaire he cries, "I recognize you, my similars, monsters of the earth." Men are the lice of Christ. In his beatnik moods, writing is "casting a howl into the void" and he turns to such matter as: "Deep, concealed, a cadaver/Chews earth he steeped in urine." In several poems he speaks of himself as hated, and even his mother predicted ("Lettera alla madre") that "one day they'll kill him somewhere."

Of these several Quasimodos, the *engagé* and *maudit* masks are the most titillating, but it is the traditional Quasimodo who will be remembered by posterity. The Italians already realize this and probably Quasimodo himself does—recalling that his apolitical "*Ed è subito sera*" ("And Suddenly It's Evening") of 1942 sold 10,000 copies in a war-engaged Italy. This is why Quasimodo is turning back to his eternal themes and his hermetic expression.

Salvatore Quasimodo—Nobel Prize-winner, ***poète engagé***, at home in Italy.

INTERNAL MAN AND EXTERNAL WORLD

By JOHN CIARDI

SALVATORE QUASIMODO (the family name is accented on the second syllable) was in New York recently and we called on him at the Hotel Gotham, accompanied by Professor Sergio Pacifici of Yale, who had come to town to escort the poet to a lecture in New Haven.

Signor Quasimodo met us at the door, waved us to chairs, and himself sat on the edge of the bed, leaning across it on one arm, very much at his ease. He spoke rapidly, without rhetorical flourishes, but with the self-assurance of a man who has taken the time to think his way into himself. Signor Quasimodo, as his poems have dramatized and as his prose writings have explicated, has a firm conception of the role of the poet as the guardian of the culture of his people. By "culture" he understands "the internal organization of man." The never-ending conflict is between man's internal needs and the external forces upon him.

Having so defined his position, Signor Quasimodo developed it in an easy but precise flow of Italian that ranged over many subjects, and which—subject to all the perils of both translation and abridgment—ran about so:

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: No matter what the velocity of change in modern living, culture is the indestructible. "Culture" is, of course, an inclusive term. It contains within itself everything from artisanship to art, to poetry. But always it seeks to give form to the internal needs of man. Every society depends on its cultural development for its progress from the caves.

Change cannot destroy culture, nor the need for it. Even when the culture is given form by only a few men who become cultural islands, it will be reborn from those islands again and again. It is culture that wins, not armies.

During World War II Germany had won: there was a certain point at which the victory of Germany was a fact. But the next day it was no longer a fact. And not for military reasons. The man of culture had dug in his heels for the last time—in an extreme act of decision—and Germany had lost. It is always intelligence that wins; else we should still be back in the caves.

QUESTION: Do you think it significant that the entire Nazi movement produced no artist of any real consequence?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: How could it? When politics is pre-eminent, man

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disappears. He becomes but a number.

QUESTION: (by Professor Pacifici): Can the same thing be said of the Russians?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: The same. Because what the artist does there is restricted by ideology: he cannot shape the culture in a true and absolute sense.

For ideology creates a philosophy, and philosophy is never the sum of a culture, but only one part. Under an ideology, this one part tries to impose itself as the total. And therein lies the central conflict: between the internal man and the forces that try to determine him from the outside.

What the Russians have cannot, of course, be measured by what we have in our democracies, but by what the Russians had under the Czar. That difference exists. And there *is* a force of cultural awareness there: one may see the housewives out shopping with a copy of the literary gazette under their arms. And there are many foreign students now in Russia. Many young Italians, for example, are studying in Moscow.

ONE fact remains: man keeps striving to realize his internal needs, and the external organization imposed by an ideology will never be enough for his purposes. But this external force and this internal need—this conflict—exist also in the popular republics. In the West—in America, let us say—the question to be asked is: what sort of civil courage must a man of culture possess? How much must he resist? For the man of culture must always assume before the world the responsibility of his resistance. It is the literati who use poetry simply as play. For without this commitment no poet is more than a dilettante.

The history of man is a slow progress from his savagery. And the battle of the true man of culture in this progress has become a terrible one. For, increasingly, as he works for civilization, society refuses to recognize him. He ends by being trampled under the very forces he creates.

The middle class is guilty of grave wrongs in this conflict. At the end of the nineteenth century it was the middle class that fought for cultural liberty. At that time the middle class contained within itself all the men of culture—artists, poets, mathematicians —all the intelligentsia. But when it had achieved its freedom it began to think it could do without the intelligentsia. This is the decadence of the European middle class.

QUESTION: What is the function of the poet in this conflict?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: It is always important. As I have said, the true poet is no dilettante. His role is moral. Not that he determines the morality of his people. His morality—and this is the real point—is in finding the forms that will express anew for his generation the reality of human dignity. That is why the poet does not deal in the worn-out forms of past ages. The image of man is no eternal thing. We must remake it generation by generation.

QUESTION: The poet creates a sort of "moral mirror" for his people?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: Just so: a moral mirror. He is no pedantic moralizer. He does not write tracts. He writes his poems. And the poems do not dogmatize. The poet's morality is to recognize the eternal worth of humanity through every change. He studies himself and his fellows, and he forms within himself what might be called a genetic sentiment. He makes concrete images for the condition of man in every new age. All else is merely mental play, and barren.

QUESTION: Does this function of the poet involve him in politics?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: Politics does not enter into this. The poet *engagé* is finished. Such a poet climbs barricades to incite one part of his people against another. There is no such divisive sentiment in my poetry. What is needed, rather, is the historical recognition of the moment of mankind in terms of the total culture of one's people.

QUESTION: The Swedish Academy, in awarding you the Nobel Prize, cited your interpretation of Italian culture as "a daily anonymous grief and the incessant contemplation of death." Do you accept that description of Italian culture?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: Latins have—let us say—a cult of death; not so much in a philosophical sense but as a conditioning of their religious history. The church has been there a long time, we must recognize. And its influence has been profound, even upon those who no longer cling to the faith.

But that familiar preoccupation with death is only one part of the cultural motivation. More important is the need to find a common body of esthetic values. And here we have a grave problem in Italian cultural history. Especially since the war. For with the end of the war factionalism returned to Italy.

The Italian, we must note, is always directed toward civil conflict. The Greeks invented civil war; the Latins perfected it. But the need of a true culture is to express values of an esthetic order for all of a people, not for one faction and another.

QUESTION: In your "Discourse on Poetry" you state that philosophers are the enemies of poetry. Does that conflict relate to the cultural conflict?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: In an absolute sense this enmity has always been there. Philosophers—and critics too—have always sought to create *a priori* categoric systems. They try to prescribe what the poet should write, to determine the course of poetry. But the true criticism has always been after the fact of creation: descriptive, not prescriptive.

QUESTION: In the same "Discourse" you stated that a poet must be valued for his content, not for his voice and cadence. Do you. . . ?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: The intrinsic value of all poetry is recognizable as soon as one begins to read. But what is it one reads? That is the question. The poet is important for what he has to say.

QUESTION: But is it possible to be a poet without developing a voice and a cadence? Without, that is to say, esthetic form?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: No. No. There must always be the formal content. Nothing can happen outside form. Form itself is what one says. Else we should all be philosophers. No. No. But we value poets for what they have to say to other men, for their communication.

As I have said, the good poet does not seek to communicate by repeating the worn-out forms of the past. Kafka, Proust, Joyce—these are great writers. But it will not do to rewrite them. The poet must make his forms anew, generation by generation. There are poets today who simply want to do over again what has already been done. But how can they? How, for example, can such a poet as Leopardi be born again? He was of a period that is now finished. Or Sappho—how could her poems have been written before or after her times?

POETRY will always be important to man. Whatever the form of society, there will always be poets. Should we come to a time when all books are published as movies, or as tapes to be played into your pillow as you sleep—still there will endure the man who

(Continued on page 39)

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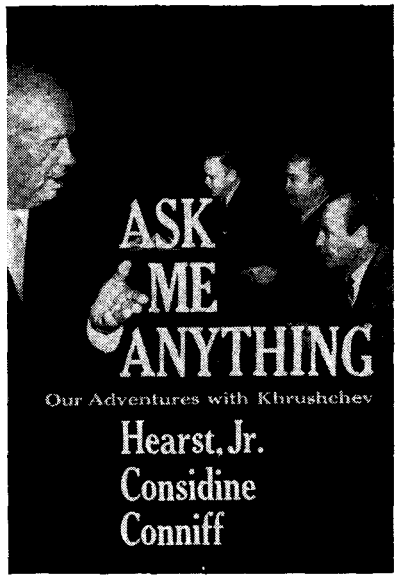
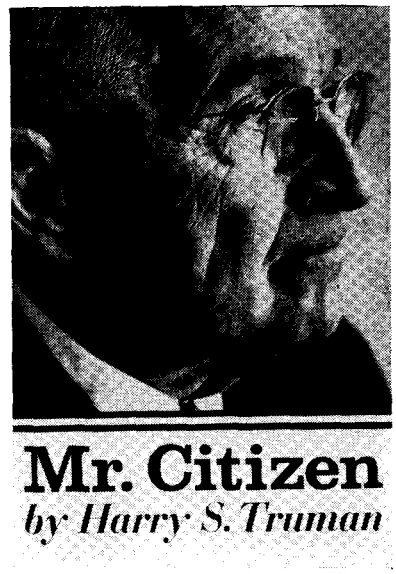
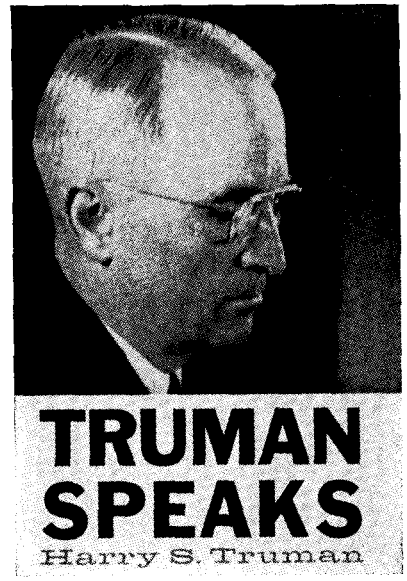
Books in the News







Audiences with Mr. K.

"Ask Me Anything: Our Adventure with Khrushchev," by William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Frank Coniff, and Bob Considine *(McGraw-Hill. 271 pp. $4.95), provides more enlightenment on the complex personality of the Soviet Premier. Wisconsin Senator Hubert H. Humphrey had one of the longest personal interviews of any American with Mr. Khrushchev.*

By Hubert H. Humphrey

THE MAIN task assumed by this lively, immensely readable book is to familiarize the reader with one of the most uncomplex–and yet, at the same time, one of the most enigmatic –personalities of our times, Nikita Khrushchev. To a considerable extent, it succeeds in that task.

Yet, this volume by no means restricts itself to the Soviet Premier. The Hearst team of William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Frank Coniff, and Bob Considine made three trips to the Soviet Union between 1955 and 1959 (Joseph Kingsbury Smith made the 1955 trip instead of Considine) and interviewed a host of persons that sounds like Who's Who in the Kremlin–past and present. The list of interviewees included Foreign Minister Molotov, Defense Minister Zhukov, Premier Malenkov, Premier Bulganin, Stalin's daughter Svetlana, Defense Minister Malinovsky, the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, Foreign Minister Gromyko, and East German Party boss Ulbricht. This is an impressive array, particularly in light of the fact that most of the above have very rarely granted formal interviews.

It is more than of passing interest to note that four of the above who had reached the stratosphere of Soviet authority have now vanished from the scene–a significant commentary on the fleeting nature of power in the Soviet Union. The Hearst team had interviewed Bulganin just as he moved into the office of Prime Minister. Two years later, the Hearst trio saw Bulganin at a number of receptions, and every time they asked for an interview he smiled sadly and said, "See Comrade Khrushchev. He's the one you should talk to."

Although not a work in depth, this book is highly informative. And while there is little here that Soviet experts do not already know, for the layman who wants to get the feel of what it is like to trade ideological blows with top personalities in the Soviet Union, particularly Nikita Khrushchev, this is recommended fare.

The interviews with Mr. Khrushchev are particularly interesting. The Hearst team had two long discussions with the Soviet Premier and Party chief, and their impressions in many ways coincided with my own during my long conversation with Khrushchev late in 1958.

The concluding paragraph of the book is particularly worth quoting:

> The coming months and years will see us negotiating closely and intensely with this man, and the future will largely depend on our wisdom in these negotiations. But in all these negotiations, all these conferences, it is necessary to understand one thing clearly: that in Nikita Sergeyevitch Khrushchev we have a clever, versatile, and dangerous opponent who will take our best effort and deepest understanding to handle.

To this I say "amen." In many ways, Mr. K. is an even more dangerous opponent than the monstrous Stalin. Khrushchev realizes that the Cold War is going to be won or lost in the minds and hearts of hundreds of millions of Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans. He is capable of assuming in one moment the image of sweet reasonableness, and of shifting in the next to a ferocious threat against the free world powers. He is a master of the "carrot and the stick" technique, a political actor of great versatility and mobility. As the Hearst team points out, we need to know all we can about Communism and the bouncy, cunning man who is attempting to impose that system on the world.

"We declare war on you in the area of peaceful competition," Khrushchev made absolutely clear to Coniff, Considine, and Hearst. This statement should be more carefully noted than any other

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in the book. Khrushchev has laid his cards on the table. He has given us his blueprint for conquest and has, in effect, said, "If there's a hydrogen-bomb war, we'll all come out the loser, but we can beat you in the economic, political, and propaganda fields. Let's compete there."

We should not wring our hands nor shrink before that challenge. We should welcome it. For it is in the economic realm and in the ideological field—in the area of the free spirit—that we can draw upon our deepest sources of strength.

We must first understand the real nature of the contemporary Cold War conflict: that it is being fought in the economic and ideological arenas, among the emerging nations. Second, we must muster our full energies, courage, and imagination for a long-term, arduous struggle. If this means deciding to spend less on private luxuries and to invest more in public necessities, then let us make that decision now.

Reminiscences of a Political Pro

"Mr. Citizen," by Harry S. Truman *(Bernard Geis. 315 pp. $5),* ***and "Truman Speaks," by Harry S. Truman*** *(Columbia University Press. 133 pp. $3), offer more observations on politics and politicians by the outspoken ex-President. Veteran Washington correspondent Richard L. Strout accompanied Truman on most of his campaign trips.*

By Richard L. Strout

HARRY TRUMAN ordered the bomb dropped on Hiroshima and slept well that night. Truman knew it was his responsibility, made the decision, and slept well. "That was not any decision that you had to worry about," he told a Columbia University seminar lightly, "[it was] nothing else but an artillery weapon."

If Truman had slept badly he would have been a greater man. A more imaginative person might have tossed or dreamed or gone to the bathroom. History will probably put Truman down as one of the better American Presidents but not at the top. He could do the tough things well; it was the easy things that he found tough.

Truman launched the Marshall Plan, the Greek-Turkish extension of foreign policy, the Korean War to defend U.N. integrity; he curbed General MacArthur's insubordination and he carried on the rear guard defense of the New Deal in the difficult war aftermath. On top of that he pulled off the incredible 1948 victory against press, prophets, pundits, and polls. But against these achievements Truman surrounded himself with second-raters and brought the caliber of the Supreme Court to a low ebb. Well, history will show him a sturdy, jaunty little fighter, speaking his mind come hell or high water, batting back decisions as fast as the ball came, and sleeping well of nights.

Some of these matters are in Truman's two new books, but much is only hinted at. They are disjointed collections of interviews, comments, and recollections tied together like pieces of string, with a few sensational strands about public figures: Nixon "will be easier to beat than anyone else"; Joseph Stalin—"I liked him a lot . . . The only thing was that we found Stalin such a blooming liar." Truman admired FDR, reverenced George Marshall, cherished Herbert Hoover, couldn't understand Adlai Stevenson, and reacted to Eisenhower according to clothes. In uniform he trusted (and generously praised) Eisenhower; in mufti he bristled at him.

The curt story of the Eisenhower-Truman feud on Inaugural Day, 1953, that opens "Mr. Citizen" is the liveliest thing in either book. President-elect Eisenhower wouldn't get out of the car to join the customary informal lunch at the White House. Why the hostility? Truman writes:

> I had been provoked to lecture Candidate Eisenhower, during the 1952 campaign at Colorado Springs, for what I considered his failure to uphold the honor of General Marshall, who had been vilified as a traitor by Senators McCarthy and Jenner.

Eisenhower and Truman nettled each other; Eisenhower's name rarely occurs in "Mr. Citizen" save in the first chapter but it seems to run silently all through the book. There is an undercurrent of competitiveness in Truman's emphasis that he got on all right with one Republican President, Herbert Hoover; that a President must display executive energy, decisiveness, and political savvy, that he must not delegate great powers. There is an upspoken Truman feeling that somehow it just isn't right for a man who never learned politics to get such huge majorities and so little criticism.

The book "Truman Speaks" is the tape-recorded substance of one seminar, three lectures, and a student press conference at Columbia. It is filled with characteristic spur-of-the-minute replies, some hitting bull's-eyes, some going wild. "Mr. Citizen" is a far more pretentious book. The thread running through it is the really poignant story of trying to adjust to retirement, and the unspoken insight into the cruel way we treat ex-Presidents—tossing them out of global authority to bite their nails and write their memoirs.

Why not utilize their invaluable experience by setting up a kind of informal Privy Council, as the British do, among whose members are former Presidents and Cabinet members? Or let Congress pass enabling legislation designating ex-Presidents as "Free Members" of Congress—voteless, but permitted to debate or testify? Harry Truman advocates this; and why not, indeed!

"Mr. Citizen" is, in many ways, a warm, attractive book. Let's face it, a lot of people can't abide Harry Truman but millions love him, yes, even after he says stupid things. A crowd jammed the railways station when he left Washington in 1953, in spite of the concurrent GOP Inaugural. It's been so since.

Adlai Stevenson's alleged "indecisiveness" seemed to rouse all the testy, hell-raising old pro in Truman; he claims Stevenson wouldn't have been nominated in 1952 if he hadn't flown to the convention and given personal intervention. Maybe yes, maybe no; that's not the way a lot of us remember it. The two men seemed to disconcert each other—Stevenson's style like a classic concerto, Truman's about as subtle as a barrel organ.

Episodes in the book will pass into political folklore, as when Truman called Hoover at the Shoreham Hotel and put him to work:

> There was a pause and then a voice said, "Who is this?"
> "This is Harry Truman," I answered.
> ". . . I heard you were in town, Mr. President," I said, "and I called to ask if you would care to come over and see your old home."

Finally there was the happy Truman marriage. "She was five and I was six. I sat in front of her, and now and then she used to tap me over the head with a ruler." That began it; he met her in Sunday School, "the beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired young lady, Virginia Elizabeth Wallace, who spent the rest of her life with me."

That helps explain a lot.

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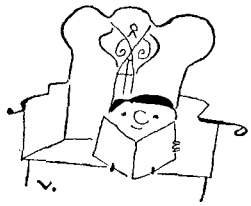

Reading Favorites of the Press

IF "THE LEOPARD," by Giuseppe di Lampedusa, isn't on every lap during the next several months, it won't be for lack of enthusiasm among the nation's top newspaper critics. Eighteen of the forty book reviewers polled consider this novel, which last year won Italy's Strega award, *sine qua non* for vacation reading. Recent releases that also raised thumbs are listed below.

EIGHTEEN VOTES:

THE LEOPARD. By Giuseppe di Lampedusa. Pantheon. $4.50.
An elegant and stylish novel written by an Italian nobleman who reflects upon a time in Sicily's past when an orderly and aristocratic existence crumbled beneath Garibaldi's force. (Barkham, Bond, Culligan, De Morinni, Douglas, Flowers, Grunewald, Harris, Hass, Hobby, Hutchens, Kimmel, McSherry, Menn, J. K. Sherman, T. B. Sherman, Troy, Yeiser.)

ELEVEN VOTES:

THE AFFAIR. By C. P. Snow. Scribners. $4.50.
Cambridge University is the setting, Lewis Eliot is the narrator in this eighth novel of the Strangers and Brothers series, which tells of an alleged scientific fraud and the subsequent investigation that reveals as much about the men involved as about the crime itself. (Bingham, Brady, Brunk, Dolbier, Harris, Kenney, Jr., Menn, Nordell, Peckham, T. B. Sherman, Yeiser.)

NINE VOTES:

SET THIS HOUSE ON FIRE. By William Styron. Random House. $5.95.
Murder, rape, mayhem in an Italian village are mused upon, years later, by two Americans who were involved in the drama. (Barkham, Brady, Brunk, Cross, Derleth, Kirsch, McAdory, Jr., Nichols, J. K. Sherman.)

SEVEN VOTES:

A DISTANT TRUMPET. By Paul Horgan. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $5.75.
A grand-scale story of life in the American West and of those men who endured loneliness and peril along the Arizona-Mexican border during the 1880s. (Bradley, Brady, Cross, Derleth, Flowers, Kenney, Jr., Menn.)

OTHER SELECTIONS:

BORN FREE. By Joy Adamson. Pantheon. $4.95.

THE BOTTOM OF THE HARBOR. By Joseph Mitchell. Little, Brown. $3.95.

CARRINGTON. By Michael Straight. Knopf. $4.50.

THE CHAPMAN REPORT. By Irving Wallace. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

CLEA. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.95.

THE COMING OF FABRIZE. By Raymond de Capite. McKay. $3.50.

JOSEPH CONRAD. By Jocelyn Baines. McGraw-Hill. $7.50.

COPEY OF HARVARD. By J. Donald Adams. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

EATING PEOPLE IS WRONG. By Malcolm Bradbury. Knopf. $4.

THE DEATH OF AFRICA. By Peter Ritner. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE EDGE OF DAY. By Laurie Lee. Morrow. $4.

THE FAR SHORE: An American at D Day. By Rear Admiral Edward Ellsberg. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.

FOOD FOR CENTAURS. By Robert Graves. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE GOOD YEARS. By Walter Lord. Harper. $4.95.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF. By James Reichley. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

HATS IN THE RING. By Malcolm Moos. Random House. $3.50.

HIGH COUNTRY EMPIRE. By Robert Greenleaf Athearn. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

HOMAGE TO CLIO. By W. H. Auden. Random House. $3.50.

THE HUSSARS. By Gregor von Rezzori. Harcourt, Brace. $4.95.

IN DEFENSE OF IGNORANCE. By Karl Shapiro. Random House. $4.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By Michael Harrison. Frederick Fell. $5.

INSIDE THE VATICAN. By Corrado Pallenberg. Hawthorn. $4.95.

THE JEFFERSON IMAGE IN THE AMERICAN MIND. By Merrill D. Peterson. Oxford. $8.50.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S GUIDE TO HUMBUG. C. E. Vulliamy. Taplinger. $5.

LORD BURGHLEY AND QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Conyers Read. Knopf. $10.

THE LOVELY AMBITION. By Mary Ellen Chase. Norton. $3.95.

MANI. By Patrick Leigh Fermor. Harper. $6.

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MARY BINGHAM, *Louisville Courier-Journal*
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From Other Lands, a New Wave of Fiction

The novels of Africa, Spain, France, and Mexico hold mirrors on today's world.

1. Africa

"African Voices," edited by Peggy Rutherford *(Vanguard. 208 pp. $3.95), and* ***"The African," by William Conton*** *(Little, Brown. 244 pp. $4), represent in prose the surge of African nationalism. Anthony Sampson, a columnist for The Observer of London, was editor of Drum magazine in Johannesburg.*

By Anthony Sampson

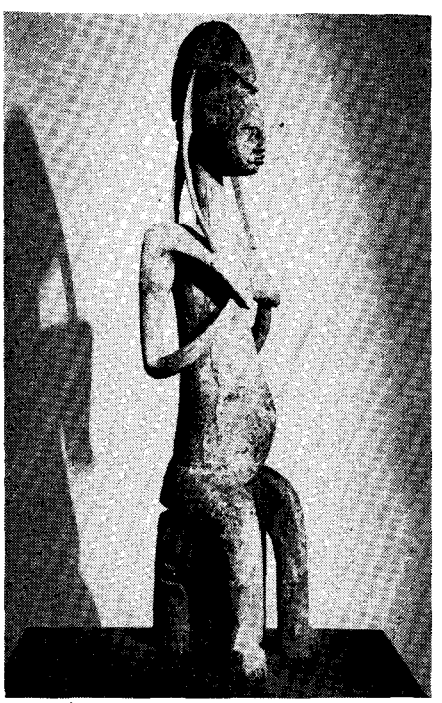
IN THE past two years, ever since Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana invented it, the phrase "the African personality" has become a watchword through the continent. But what exactly is that personality? As Africa cuts her bonds from the imperial powers and begins to go her own way, it becomes clear that she will have an exciting but strange new character, under which everything from the West will suffer a sea change. The decades of white domination have given the African intellectuals (particularly the French-speaking ones) a determination to go back to their own roots and reject the surface teaching of the West. "Give me my black dolls," is the beginning of one poem by a French-African poet, Leon Damas: and that is a theme that runs through much of the new African writing, in both English and French: "back to Mother Africa."

And yet, on the other side, the education and influences of nearly all the African writers have been predominantly Western. They have been to missionary schools, have been taught English or French by white teachers, and have learned to write their essays and stories in a European language. The very fact that they should consciously say "give me back my black dolls" indicates how far removed they have become from their tribal origins.

There is some parallel here with the conflict of Negro writers in America or the West Indies, who, while becoming culturally assimilated with the West, have sought to turn to their African roots. But the writers in Africa are far more insistent on the necessity of the "African personality," or, as the French Africans call it, "negritude."

This tug-of-war between Africa and the West is detectable in most contemporary African writing: and it is vividly apparent in a new anthology of African writing—indeed virtually the first such anthology—called "African Voices." The voices come from the whole continent south of the Sahara, from Madagascar to Sierra Leone. They range from quiet Oxford accents to noisy tribal chants. But in most of the poems, songs, and stories there can be found some uncertainty as to where the author really belongs.

It is in the fiction that the conflict is most apparent. The most accomplished short stories in this collection are mainly from South Africa, where the African population, from long contact with the whites, is the most urbanized, Westernized, and sophisticated on the continent. In stories such as William Modisane's "Dignity of Begging" or Can Themba's "Mob Passion," the quick and dangerous lives of the harassed Africans of Johannesburg come through with painful realism. But it would be difficult to point to a style, or even characters, which are distinctively African in these tales. They are stories of Africans being overwhelmed and transmogrified by Western cities: and if any more proof were needed of the hopelessness of South Africa's policy of apartheid, it could be found in these civilized African writers, with both feet firmly in the West.



—Courtesy of The Museum of Primitive Art.

Bougouni, ancestral figure — Sudanese Republic.

> Here [says Can Themba in a preface to the whole volume] Africans are creating out of English a language of their own: a language that thinks in actions, using words that dart back and forth on quick-moving feet, virile, earthy, garrulous. . . . Somewhere or another on the continent there is a new civilization beginning to appear, a new African culture—there are traces of it here.

But the traces of it, though important, are confusing. There is the strange private language of the most original of West African writers, Amos Tutuola, with his enchanting fairy tales of "Reverend Devils" and the "Bush of Ghosts." There is the tribal melodrama of the Nigerian novelist Cyprian Ekwensi in his story "Ritual Murder." There is the angry allegory of Jomo Kenyatta, the Kenya leader accused of managing the Mau Mau rebellion.

One could find no better illustration of the muddling character of the new Africa than this anthology. The collection misses, perhaps, something of the vigor and wildness of West African writing, and the French African intellectuals do not have their fair share of the book. But it shows all the jumble of East and West and South, of Arab influence, English influence and Afrikaner influence—all the restless birth pangs of the African personality.

Another pointer to the emerging Africa appears in a curious new novel from Ghana, called quite simply "The African," written by a young headmaster in Accra, William Conton. It is the story of an African student from a remote tribal village who, after a rigorous education in Britain and a jealous quarrel with a white Afrikaner from South Africa, goes back to his own country, where he abruptly turns to political agitation, and not long after becomes Prime Minister of his people.

It is a controlled, well-written story, and there are times in the first half of the book when it sounds like straight-

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forward autobiography. Though full of lively and humorous observation, the story never seems to take off on the wings of fiction.

Here again the reader has the feeling that the author has submerged his African spirit in Western education—as a headmaster should. But the deduction one is inclined to make from both these books is that while there will certainly be an exciting new African personality, it will be some time before it frees itself from its complex, dominated relationship with Europe.

OEDIPUS IN AFRICA: There was shown in New York recently "Come Back, Africa," an extraordinary film about natives in South Africa. Moment by moment the camera built up the picture of a race continually thwarted by the white men's laws. The camera asked no favors. It simply recorded the horror of the thing, distributing justice impartially. At the very end of the film the hero leaves prison and returns to his little shack on the edge of a mining town. He quickens his pace, for he seems to know already that a terrible doom awaits him. When he bursts into the shack, he discovers that his wife has been murdered by another Negro. For a moment he gazes at his dead wife, and then he begins to hurl everything he can lay his hands on about the room in a wild fever of destruction. When we see him last he is pounding the table in a mad agony of grief.

It is one of the great scenes in film, so piercingly tragic that it has the effect of great human beauty. The suffering Negro assumes the dimensions of Oedipus, and his grief is the grief of Everyman. The film, originally a cautious study of the war between the races, evolves terrifyingly into a study of the human condition.

With very much the same lyrical approach, Frans Venter, a young South African novelist, describes the fate of a Negro in "**Dark Pilgrim**" (Muhlenberg Press, $3.50), originally written in Afrikaans. There is the same same determination to be just, the same clear-eyed sympathy for all living things, and the same flickering delight in the colors of the South African scene. Also, he tells a very similar story. It is perhaps the only story that can be told about a young Negro in South Africa today. In its simplest form such a story would describe a young man coming from the native reserve to a city; he becomes corrupted and goes berserk.

This indeed is the story of "Dark Pilgrim," which describes how the young and fantastically strong Kolisile leaves the Transkei, where the earth is rotting for lack of irrigation, for Johannesburg. Kolisile has all the attributes of nobility. He has the profound politeness of an African and a deeply engrained sense of propriety. In need of money, he presents himself humbly at a white man's house to ask for work; a wolfhound is set on him and he is torn to ribbons. With the help of some other Negroes he is brought to the house of Miriam, who cares for him and heals his wounds. Miriam, who is married to a blind basket weaver, is arrested for selling and then there is no help for it but Kolisile must seek out his younger brother, who leads a gang of cutthroats and robbers. With a great effort of will he escapes from them to go down the mine, where he is crushed in a rock fall. When we last see him, he has returned to the Transkei. He hobbles along on one leg, a tragic figure who has accomplished nothing by his apprenticeship to the city.

The bare outline tells nothing about the consummate artistry of the book. It is not only that Kolisile and Miriam and half a dozen other figures are presented with a deep and troubling accuracy, but the author has given them the heroic texture of characters in a Greek drama. Kolisile lives and breathes; and in his gentleness and strength he is unforgettable. The prose is astonishingly sensuous, with the lilt of South African speech. It has been translated by Gerald and Walter Gordon so artfully that there is never a moment when it reads like a translation.

It would seem that only a miracle will prevent South Africa from becoming a blood bath. When an Afrikander can write so beautifully about the Negro, there is hope—a very slim hope, but nevertheless a hope—that the miracle may still happen.

—Robert Payne.

2. *Spain*

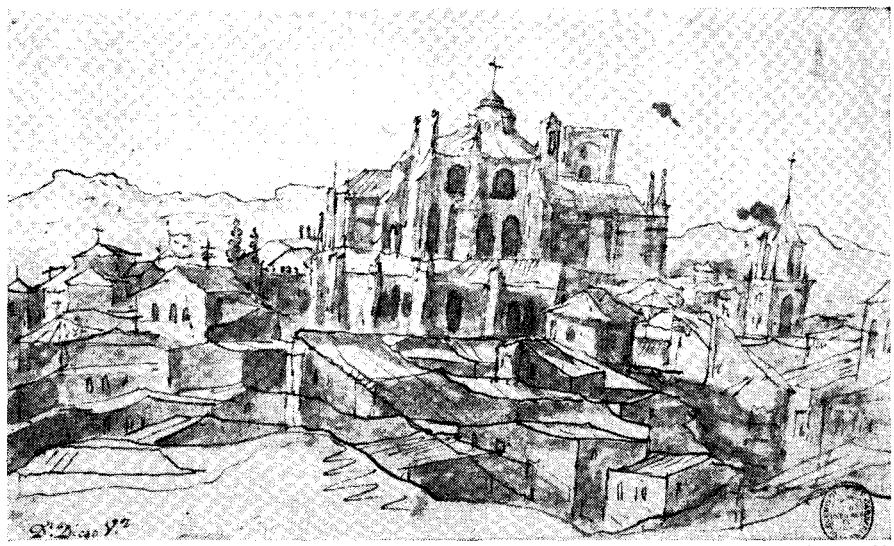
"The Man of Blood," by José L. de Vilallonga; *translated by Hugo Charteris (Simon & Schuster. 178 pp. $3),* ***"The Fell of Dark," by James Norman*** *(Lippincott. 283 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Fiestas," by Juan Goytisolo;*** *translated by Herbert Weinstock (Knopf. 246 pp. $3.95), each project a different view of life in Spain. Ramón Sender's trilogy of novels is entitled "Before Noon."*

By Ramon Sender

DESPITE the many books on the subject, Spain is still a virginal theme. And every Spanish author seems to be writing from a different country. Or even from a different planet. Spain is a dangerous test for the foreign writer. Some, like Hemingway, falter on the side of easy sensationalism; others through poetic deformation or religious exaltation. It is difficult to assume an attitude before the problem of Spanish reality. Occasionally closer to the truth are those English who write about Spain after having lived obscurely in some mountain village or fishing hamlet for thirty or forty years.

Spaniards themselves emerge from the test badly, as we can see in José Luis de Vilallonga and his "The Man of Blood," a novel with no sense of proportion, uneven and false in most of its pages. The protagonist lacks belief and veracity. The facts are improbable and and their unreality is neither deliberate nor poetic. The Spanish refugees in Paris presented by the novelist could

(Continued on page 35)



—*Skira-World.*

View of Granada, 1648, Sepia drawing by Velasquez.

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Life and the Vital Fraction

IT IS said that the world has been totally changed since Paris. This may be true of the atmosphere. It may be true of the prospects. But it is not true of the problem. The nature of the problem remains the same.

The central problem, essentially, is to arrange the affairs of human society on earth in such a way as to make it safe for people. Things are now happening that threaten, within a comparatively short time, to reduce or eliminate that safety.

The failure of the Paris meeting has not changed the fact that life on earth is made possible by the most precarious balancing act in the universe. A small change in the total amount of radiation on earth could result in a vast reshuffling of species through wholesale mutations. A small shift in the distance of the earth to the sun could cause the earth either to freeze over or burn up.

The internal economy of the human being operates through an endless number of delicate balances. A small alteration in the balance inside the body of salt to water, of oxygen to carbon dioxide, of red blood cells to white, could put an end to life. Lessening of the supply of oxygen to the head for only a few consecutive minutes could damage the brain beyond repair.

The law of the vital fraction is the dominant law of life. Each person on earth is himself the product of an incredible triumph over impossible odds. The odds against his being born were at least 500,000,000 to one. That is, out of 500,000,000 sperm cells available for fertilization, only one achieved fusion. No two cells were alike. Each had the potential stamp of a complete and unique personality built into it. It would be theoretically possible for a single man to double the earth's population, in terms of the sperm cells he could make available in a relatively short period of time.

In addition to the vital and elusive fractions, man must run a gamut represented by the hundreds of thousands of years it took life on earth to produce a species with intelligence, sensitivity, an awareness of beauty, a sense of wonder, and an ability to change its environment.

Human life is the rarest, most complex, and most precious of all the prizes in the universe. It is this prize that is now in the process of being diminished and rejected—by humans themselves. The humans are tampering with the vital fractions. They are altering the radiation balance in the atmosphere. They are damaging their own germ cells, producing defective creatures, and canceling out hundreds of thousands of years of evolving development. They are rearranging the vital proportions in the soil. Indeed, they are at the point of eliminating life altogether.

These new capacities have come up so suddenly that their thunderheads have hardly been observed. The direction of men's thoughts, conditioned by centuries of local environmental habits, has yet to adjust itself to the new total demands. Forms of human organization, shaped in response to the evolving needs of the past, are absurdly inadequate for present and future. Old methods for protecting life now become the fuse points for exploding it; that is, the nation is no longer the outer ring of security. It is now a flailing unit of a world anarchy. The greater its insistence on maintaining its traditional absolute sovereignty, the greater the threat to its own people—and indeed, to all peoples.

It becomes necessary, then, for man to develop a survival perspective. He must think in a way he has never thought before—about his uniqueness, about his place in the universe, about the meaning and preciousness of life, about his values, about his relationship to other human beings, about the new institutions or mechanisms that are required to deal with random and pulverizing power, and about the rights of the next generation.

If there is any single vantage point in the world for the development and use of a survival perspective it should be the United Nations. No one knows whether another meeting of the leading statesmen will be held any time soon. But meetings of the United Nations are going on every day. This organization was created for the express purpose of coping with problems that the individual nations could not handle adequately. One problem that the individual nations most certainly cannot handle adequately has to do with the common safety of the world's peoples.

As soon as the United Nations gets over its present decibel-duel over spies and counterspies, high-flying planes and low-lying microphones, it would be helpful if it addressed itself to the main need. For beyond the charges and countercharges and clamor of sovereignties a basic problem persists. The existing mechanisms by which human society operates are inadequate to sustain the cause of life. New mechanisms must be created. The time for creating them is short. The U.N. might supply such a mechanism. The place to begin is with the idea that it is necessary. —N.C.

World Winter

By Earle Birney

Sun
proud Bessemer, peltwarmer, beauty,
these weeks steer us to scan sky for
you.
The dun droppings blur, we drown
in snow.
Is this tarnished chimneyplug in a
tenantless room,
this sucked wafer, white simpleton,
you?

Not
chiefly the month moulds you, heart-
charmer,
to scant hammerdent on hardiron sky,
nor latitude only, to lodgers on this
this your one wrynecked, woedealing
world.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COUNTERFEIT COIN?

I MUST TAKE issue with Anthony Weir, who says in his letter [*SR*, May 21] regarding the word "togetherness" that "it was coined at the the magazine. . . ." In Wyndham Lewis's "Time and Western Man" (first published in 1927) I read:

> These objects are not all equally "real" or "true," it is our belief. But in consequence of that, such is the peculiar conclusion advanced here, there is nothing to be gained by mixing them all up together. That is, however, Dr. Whitehead's intention. If one is more *real* than the other, then let us mix the *less* real (which he seems to believe is the "scientific object" in the sense of the unreformed, naïf, "scientific object"), he says, with the more real. This will be more fair to the less real, among other things: and in the interests of what he calls "togetherness," this must be done.

Perhaps some reader will know where in Whitehead's works this word is used.

ROBERT H. STACY,
Syracuse University.
Syracuse, N. Y.

PRESS PASS

I WAS GLAD to see the review of our book "Interval of Freedom," by George Gibian, in the University Press issue of *Saturday Review* [May 18], but I was dismayed to note that it was attributed to the University of Michigan Press.

JANET SALISBURY,
Promotion Manager,
University of Minnesota Press.
Minneapolis, Minn.

FEARFUL SUMMITRY

CONGRATULATIONS on N.C.'s superb editorial "What Do We Do When We Are Wrong?" [*SR*, May 21].

It is tragic to think that our leaders, at a most crucial point in history, failed to make the heroic and courageous gesture of apology in time to save the summit conference. I cannot accept the idea that it was entirely the fault of Khrushchev that the conference collapsed. The role of Mr. Herter was especially clouded. Surely his statements that the espionage flights were necessary and would continue heightened the embarrassment and humiliation of the President, who subsequently had to state that the flights would be suspended.

If we cannot trust our leaders to make clear-cut, responsible, and unified decisions on issues that affect the lives of all of us, then where can we go for safety?

I wish the editorial could be widely read in Washington.

JOYCE NORMAN.
Los Angeles, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH.

"Of course, we're only sending monkeys up now, but it won't be long until you see Wesley up there."

REALISM AND REASON

THE EDITORIAL "What Do We Do When We Are Wrong?" is the best explanation of the present world situation that I have read. It is time someone spoke out realistically against some of America's thoughtless mistakes.

It is no true service to our country to continue to say we are never wrong, as so many now do. As a mother of five I would not consider telling children I love that they are always perfect; no more do I think it right that the country I also love should pretend never to make a mistake.

The spy plane incident should never have been allowed to take place in a world trying to find an escape from war. Since it did take place, we should all feel thankful that Russia did not unleash worse countermeasures than words.

DOROTHY W. BOWERS.
Chambersburg, Pa.

CAUSES OF WAR

I AM FRIGHTENED, and I am not the only one. My acquaintances are frightened, too, and of the same thing. We are afraid that we are going to die, and much too soon.

Since most of these people, and I too, are under twenty, is not this fear morbid and senseless? Not at all, for I am not frightened of my own death in old age; I fear a death which will come to my acquaintances if it comes to me, and to those I have never met and might not want to.

When I heard recently that France had exploded her first atomic bomb, this meant one thing: that another nation had achieved the power of killing millions at a stroke. If more nations join the "club," one may someday be tempted to use its destructive power.

If that happens, not only will I die, but I will be accompanied by a third or a half of my countrymen, and we will be joined by a third or a half of Europe. Asia and Africa and Australia will come out better, but in any event some hundreds of millions of men will die.

We brim with horrors waiting for release. A minor Archduke shot, a fortress fired on—these events began great wars. We are filled with hates and distrusts, and any might serve. The United States, still the only country ever to have used atomic bombs in war, will not trust Russia to stop tests; nor will Russia trust us.

What can we do about it? Perhaps nothing. But if anything can be done, it seems to me we should destroy the instruments of war so that if muddleheaded statesmen feel the urge to holocaust, satisfaction will be wanting. We may work toward peace by small steps, as a scientist works toward truth; but we must work toward it, or we who fight now with hydrogen bombs will fight afterward with fists and stones.

CHRISTOPHER Z. HOBSON.
Cambridge, Mass.

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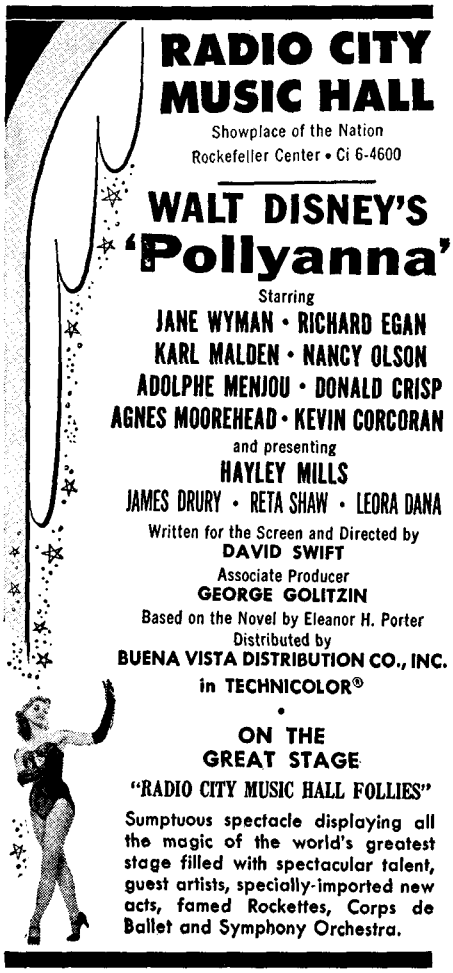

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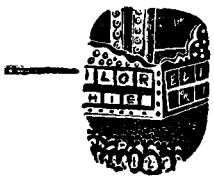

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Unquiet Bed

IN HOLLYWOOD there is no one more expert at putting a movie together than Billy Wilder; he has directed "**The Apartment**" and (with I.A.L. Diamond) helped write it. Last year, with "Some Like it Hot," he knew exactly what he was doing, and he made the funniest picture of the year, meanwhile showing Jack Lemmon how to be a first-rate clown. He has used Jack Lemmon again in "The Apartment," but Mr. Lemmon isn't so successful this time around, and the trouble may be due to some odd story confusions. Not in the plot—which is worked out with timetable precision—but in the purpose. This muddledness is apparent from the way the picture moves along. Sometimes it's funny, and sometimes it isn't funny at all. The jokes work, obviously just as Mr. Wilder expects them to, and when there is pathos, that too is intended. And then there is a streak of meanness and cynicism in the story, and I'm not so sure this is intended. It just happens to come through.

For Mr. Wilder has given us this time a dirty fairy tale, with a shnook for a hero, and a sad little elevator operator (Shirley MacLaine) for a fairy princess. The incongruous setting for this myth is the building and offices of a Manhattan insurance company. The girl works one of the elevators, and the boy has a desk and ambitions. To get a foothold on the corporate ladder he lends out his small bachelor apartment as a trysting place for the married executives of the company. It seems to be Mr. Wilder's notion that we will find this young man winning and delightful (perhaps because we see him in the person of Jack Lemmon).

Mr. Lemmon trots out the jargon of Madison Avenue, spends half his day booking his apartment, and meanwhile casts eyes at the pure and lovely elevator operator, little knowing that she inhabits his apartment Tuesdays and Thursdays with the head of personnel. It's funny on the surface, but it isn't really, because the man is a sniveling eager beaver, and the fact that he reforms in the end and turns in his key to the washroom doesn't make him any more charming. As for the girl, she obtains purification through an attempt at suicide in the apartment, accompanied by some sick and sick-making jokes. Throughout the film runs the assumption that every married executive has need for a hideaway, that a man who loans out his bed is likable (and even sweet and sensitive) and that the quickest way up the ladder is through pimping. All this would have been easier to take if the object were satire. But it isn't, because all is sickeningly sweet at the end.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wilder demonstrates his accustomed skill, Miss MacLaine and Mr. Lemmon work their heads off to achieve "sincere" portrayals, and Edie Adams and Fred MacMurray give accomplished readings in subordinate roles. Too bad the story isn't up to them.

ALMOST equally slick is "**Strangers When We Meet,**" adapted by Evan Hunter from his own novel. The movie makes a head-on assault on the problem of infidelity, with Kirk Douglas as the errant husband and Kim Novak as the guilty wife. These strangers meet at the school-bus stop in Brentwood. Turns out Kirk Douglas is a talented architect, that he has a pretty wife, a couple of adorable kids; turns out Kim Novak has a husband who pales every time his wife hints at conjugal relations. Kirk and Kim sneak away to a lot where Kirk is building a dream house for a successful novelist (Ernie Kovacs), and as the house rises, so does their passion. The time of decision nears, the house is nearly built, Kirk can break up his marriage or Miss Novak's heart, and it is not up to us to tell you which he chooses.

If the movie is daring at all, it is because of the glowing Technicolors in which infidelity is painted. But why Mr. Douglas should stray from his pretty wife (Barbara Rush) isn't made exactly clear, unless it's that Miss Novak is supposed to be better looking. This is open to question, but what isn't is that Miss Rush has it all over Miss Novak when it comes to acting, which is not to say that Miss Rush is all *that* good. The moral guardians of movies may question whether Kirk and Kim are sufficiently punished; others may get mad at the house. Seems it was actually built, in Bel-Air, and that Richard Quine, who directed the picture, got it. I'm not at all sure he is to be envied. It should be mentioned that Ernie Kovacs and Walter Mathieu bring considerable life to this much too glossy picture whenever they appear.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

Report Card on TV

LONDON.

WHEN IT is suggested to the American schoolteacher that students should be taught how to view TV and films with sharper discrimination, he is likely to ask: "What's the use of teaching children how to watch television and movies when there are so few good programs and films for them to watch?" This attitude of hopelessness has perhaps delayed the introduction of mass media courses into the general curriculum. Gresham's Law, it is widely thought, is as potent in TV and films as it is in economics: where the good and the bad are equally available, the customer (or the child) will tend to choose the inferior article. Perhaps, also, today's teachers don't as a rule pay much attention to what their pupils see on TV at home because they were never trained to handle such subjects in the classroom. Whatever the reasons, it is a fact that education in the U.S., even in the most alert schools, touches out-of-school viewing only lightly and informally.

In Britain, where noncommercial TV enjoyed a monopoly until 1955, major educational organizations have been actively concerned about children's out-of-school viewing since 1929, when a conference set up a commission to report on "The Film in National Life." The commission's objective was "to consider methods for raising the standard of public appreciation of films. . . ." Its report was published in 1932 by the Carnegie Trustees, and one year later, as a result, the British Film Institute was set up. Parliament continued the Institute in 1948 and expanded it with public money. Recently the Film Institute issued a report, "Film and Television in Education for Teaching." The report makes specific recommendations for courses in TV and films suitable for use in teachers' training colleges. These courses are designed to turn out full-time specialists and semi-specialists working within other subjects. The aim is to provide the teacher with as much competency in the teaching of film and TV appreciation and discrimination as he must have in English or arithmetic.

The report speaks of "highly successful experiments in film-teaching in training colleges . . ." and recognizes the inadequacies of research into the influence of TV and film entertainment outside the schools, but it asserts that educational policies cannot wait for future research. It hammers out an evaluation of the current influence of the media on children. There is no doubt in the minds of the authors that this influence is considerable.

BRITAIN, of course, has a growing body of educationally acceptable works in TV (principally BBC and some ITV commercial programs). Among them are masterpieces that can stand comparison with any body of national literature. The question for teachers' colleges in the U.S. is: "Suppose we did teach these skills to children; on what body of TV works would they exercise them?" The answer is that there are sufficient works at home with which to begin; and others might be obtained in Britain. American teachers, it is true, struggle against the dominant values of our society, but to their sense of frustration we must oppose a sense of greater urgency at home than in Britain, because in the United States commercial TV practically overwhelms the whole elementary and secondary school educational picture. The British lead seems worth following.

The BFI makes two cogent points. First, that it is not the isolated examples of good programming that teachers should examine, but "the implicit assumptions which underlie the great bulk of popular entertainment" (in TV and films). The second point is that the moral values of our society have, in the past, been absorbed by a small elite, from an intensive study of literature and Greco-Roman civilization. Now that moral education in a fluid society has become a need of the majority, now that this majority has a relatively low "verbal sensitivity," films and TV become the almost ideal method for the cultivation of pupils' moral appreciation. This claim may appear to be exaggerated, the report, however, offers a substantiation we cannot print here for lack of space. "Film and Television in Education for Teaching" is published by The British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W.C.2. Price: two shillings and sixpence (thirty-five cents).

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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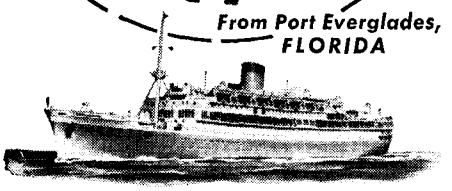

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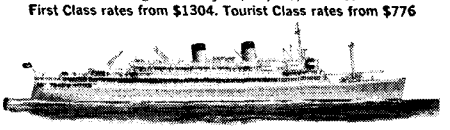

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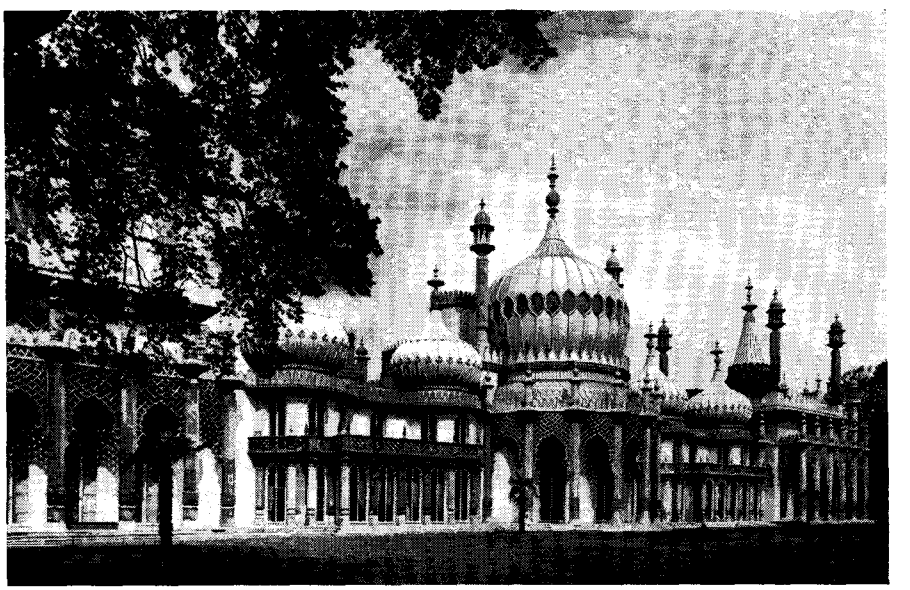
The Birth of Brighton

ONE SUNDAY in September of 1783 the Prince of Wales, newly turned twenty-one and prancing free of parental care (Father was George III), paid a visit to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, then in residence in Brighton. The prince, like the duke, had been intrigued by the reports of Dr. Richard Russell, a prominent surgeon of the day, of the tonic effects of bathing in the sea. The prince apparently concurred in the doctor's findings for he was back the next year, and toward the end of that second summer he took a Brighton house.

Back in London in 1785, the prince wove himself into a web of trouble. Not only was he amassing forbidding debts, but he had married famed Mrs. Fitzherbert. The ceremony had to be performed in secret because Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose beauty was well known, was a Roman Catholic. When the next summer rolled around, the prince shut down his London house and, leaving a scolding parent and the unpaid debts behind, bundled Mrs. Fitzherbert off to Brighton. Thus began an unforgettable Brighton era which left the spa suffused with a Regency air of which it is still redolent. Its history dates from that day, and its smoky memories spiral from the incredible pavilion that the prince built, like incense from a joss house.

In the beginning the prince, or Prinny, as he was known to his intimate circle, rented a house and lived quietly. To keep the pretense of their secret marriage, Mrs. Fitzherbert lived in a nearby villa. Prinny's house was remodeled and his architect built him a bedroom with a picture window so that he could view the sea from his ample bed. He was now leasing the house at 1,000 pounds a year, and although he didn't pay his obligations with fastidious regularity, his debts mounted nonetheless. He spent summers and winters at Brighton, hunted and raced, and entertained a glittering entourage that included everyone from Beau Brummel to the refugees who flowed across the channel from the French Revolution. Near the century's end, however, Prinny's debts were more than half a million pounds. Father's bargain for meeting son's obligations was to insist that Prinny renounce Mrs. Fitzherbert and marry his cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick. There was nothing to do but agree; and Prinny, with Caroline in tow, came to the Royal Pavilion at Brighton. He stayed with her long enough to get her with child, left her forthwith, and as a fresh new century arrived to give him a new slate, George, Prince of Wales, was back with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Now began a period that made the Royal Pavilion one of the most celebrated houses in the world. Someone sent the prince some Chinese wallpaper, and to accommodate it he built a Chinese gallery. Somewhere along the line the whole project got out of



The Royal Pavilion at Brighton—Gingerbread with a curry flavor, inspired by a gift of Chinese wallpaper.

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hand, resulting in perhaps the greatest agglomeration of chinoiserie ever assembled under one fanciful roof. To this day, the sight of it attracts 2,000 gasping visitors every summer's day.

The Prince of Wales became the Prince Regent in 1811, and a few years later he appointed John Nash to undertake some major refinements. Nash, among whose credits is Buckingham Palace, added a phantasmagoria of Indian onion domes, turrets and spires, minarets, pinnacles, and Moorish arches that make the exterior of the Royal Pavilion one of the most awesome masses of curry-flavored gingerbread ever beheld by the eye of man. Inside, the banqueting and music rooms are the quintessence of Oriental overdecorating. Lighting the banquetry room is a one-ton crystal-and-mirrored chandelier held by a bronze dragon that descends from a domed ceiling forty-five feet high. In the enormous painting on the west wall, the Chinese bride has the face of Lady Conyngham, who was Prinny's last enamorata. He had by that time long since become King George IV.

EVERY summer now, during the annual Regency exhibition, they drag out all the silver, glassware, porcelain, and furniture and set the table for a royal banquet.

The preparations necessary to stage a royal party in Prinny's day can be imagined by a visit to the Great Kitchen, an enormous hall supported by pillars carved to resemble palm trunks. Twelve chefs worked the spits and handled the pots, of which, at present, there are now 550 of a set that has been borrowed from the Duke of Wellington's Apsley House kitchen.

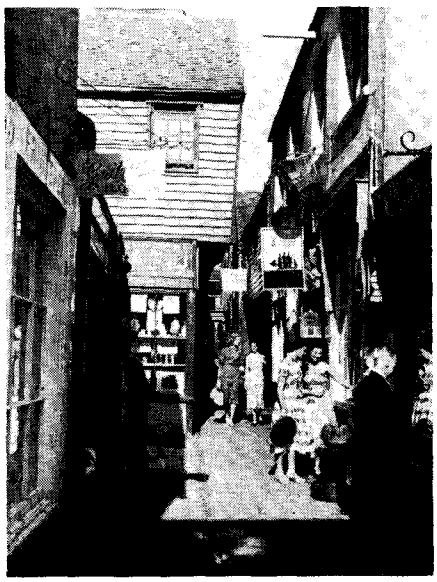
Prinny became George IV in 1820 at the age of fifty-nine, but by that time climbing the Chinese stairs was too much for his gouty feet. He got Nash to build him a room on the main floor. There he lounged in a Chinese bedstead of black lacquer and gold. Alongside was a concealed door through which Lady Conyngham would slip from her upstairs bedroom, bidden by some undetermined summons.

Of all the art, artifacts, and near-art on display at the Royal Pavilion none is more eye-arresting than the painting done for the wall of an officer's mess by Rex Whistler of the Welsh Guards. It shows a winged Prinny, the Order of the Garter slipping over his posterior, otherwise clothed only in a garter at the knee, his shoes, and a wicked gleam in his eye. Thus attired, he is caught in the act of waking a languorous, dozing Spirit of Brighton.

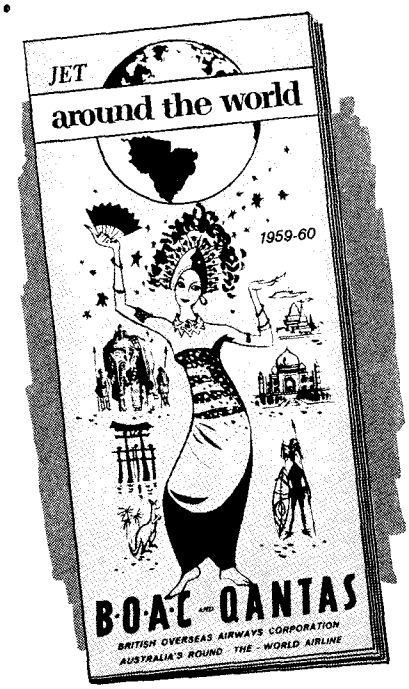
After Prinny, Brighton never quite went back to sleep. It remains today a nest of Regency with the tight yellow buildings, each topped with a calliope of chimneys, lining the squares that lie open to the sea. The hotels are masses of architectural folderol fronting on the sea—the Grand with its stiff-angled bay windows and lacy balconies, and next door the rust-red 450-room Metropole with its gables and garrets, a stone Charlotte Russe topped by a steeple. The Royal Albion, on the site of Dr. Russell's surgical nest, is now over 100 years old, but still gets crowds of visitors to lounge in its sun-swept public rooms overlooking the sea. Swedes in the spring, English in the summer, a few Belgians and French, and now and then a displaced American who somehow didn't land at Cannes or Como. One little-publicized reason for its attraction: room and bath and three meals cost $9.38 a day at the Royal Albion.

The horses run from June to October at the Brighton Race Course, and once a year—the first Sunday in November—the old cars race down from London, an event pictured in the famed film "Genevieve," which starred the late Kay Kendall. The world's first electric train runs all season long by the seaside Madeira Drive under the Great Embankment festooned with turquoise fretwork. And the open-top buses of the style that once cruised Manhattan's Fifth Avenue run the length of the cliff road while the upper-deck passengers inhale Dr. Russell's fabled seaside air.

Brighton spreads down through its *denes*, or *deans*, a Sussex word meaning meadow. Right at hand there is Rottingdean, Saltdean, Ovingdean, Bevendean, Withdean, Varndean, and Roedean. Kipling spent his late years and died at Rottingdean in a house that is now a girl's school called Kenton Court. Famed Roedean, the Eton for young



The Lanes — Scones and butter in an atmosphere of antiquity.



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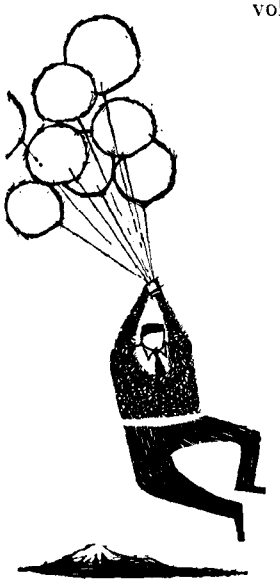

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ladies, is a Victorian pile on a green rise overlooking the sea. Popular with its visiting parents is the little Dene Hotel, with thirty-five beds and summer prices pegged at $50 a week with board.

In downtown Brighton, Michael Wilding, once wed to Elizabeth Taylor, has a bright white little restaurant with green awnings; and left over from older times is the Pump House Pub, where sea water was once pumped up for Prinny's royal baths. Surrounded by antiquity, one can take home a piece of it after a stroll through The Lanes, four-foot-wide alleys jammed with antique shops and now and then a little tea place like Annabella's where, under a six-foot ceiling, tired shoppers can stop for scones and butter, toasted currant loaf, rich Madeira cake, and butter shortbread. Out of every window stare the jugs and mugs, the crystal gee-gaws, the copper post horns, some sounded at coaching inns and others made last month in Hong Kong. Says a sign in a shop: WANTED—ANYTHING DECENT. Said an English voice overheard in The Lanes: "It's the Americans wot come here that buys this stuff."

—HORACE SUTTON.

Maine Scene

By John Woods

THIN in the milkweed,
Wet by the fishery,
Tall by the linden,
The wind and the windcock
Turn on the season.

Robins had warned me
Music can tighten,
Thinner and harder,
Like wind in the basswood,
Sung below hearing.

What is the reason?
White in the bindweed.
What is the reason?
Brown in the fairway.
What is the reason?

The axe in the heartwood
Two ridges over
Is seen before hearing,
Heard before falling
And falls out of living.

That is the reason
The true song is native,
Stays out the winter.
The pond ice will loosen,
And kingfishers come.

That is the reason.
The fire in the hearth
Is the birth of the tree.
Love will come singing
From the hearth of the heart.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Eyewitness to Adventure in the Air

"Saint-Exupéry," by Marcel Migeo; *translated by Herma Briffault (McGraw-Hill. 330 pp. $5.95), scanting literary criticism, depicts the rich and intense life of the aviator-poet who was lost in a reconnaissance flight over occupied France in July, 1944. The latest book by Wallace Fowlie, author of "Mid-Century French Poets," is "Dionysus in Paris," a study of the French theatre.*

By Wallace Fowlie

THE AUTHOR of this new life of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry was a flying comrade of the aviator. Previous biographers did not emphasize certain details in the aviator's profession, which here receive full attention. M. Migeo met Saint-Exupéry when he was twenty. He often writes in the first person as an eyewitness, as a friend and sympathetic observer. His technical knowledge of airplanes, of the history of flying, and of the experiences of danger and accident in the life of a flier is constantly drawn upon in this fully documented work. The book is the depiction of a rich, intense life and of a personality that was demanding and immoderate and unsatisfied. There is an almost total absence of literary criticism: the writings of Saint-Exupéry are merely referred to as events and accomplishments and they are often quoted to illustrate the preoccupations and ideas of the aviator.

Saint-Exupéry's life was one of courage and tenacity. At times the abundance of minutiae in M. Migeo's treatment tends to obscure or diminish in importance the great episodes of risk and tragedy: the establishing of the mail flights south of Buenos Aires, across Patagonia; a forced landing on the Libyan desert; a crash in Guatemala; the final reconnaissance flight over occupied France in July, 1944, from which the flier never returned. He died without witnesses and without leaving a trace of his plane, which may have crashed in the Alps or may have been engulfed in the Mediterranean.

During the years immediately following the Liberation, approximately between 1945 and 1950, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry was one of the contemporary writers most deeply revered by

—*From the book.*

Antoine de Saint-Exupery—for him every action had its value.

French youth. He was often grouped with André Malraux and Albert Camus as an affirmer of man's action, as a believer in the ability of man's will to oppose the hostility of the world. The sentiments about which he had written the most eloquently were those which the French wished to believe in: duty, fidelity to a national destiny, fraternity, man's love for his native soil. In the severe, bare world of Saint-Exupéry every gesture had a meaning, every action had its value.

The reputation and the popularity of the aviator-writer had steadily increased during the fifteen years which preceded his death. At the end of the Twenties, when Saint-Exupéry began his pioneer flying over the deserts, few Frenchmen realized the importance of these missions, but in the late Forties the vast majority of readers were able to interpret such action as an experience in solitude that encouraged meditation on the meaning of man. The most profound events in the life of Saint-Exupéry cannot be recorded. They were the adventures in solitude imposed upon him by the discipline of his profession. The solitude and peril of night flights represented an action during which he discovered his strength and his courage. These were the moments during which he meditated on the accomplishments and the aspirations of man. These were the meditations destined to be the sources of those passages in his books which are best remembered today.

During the past five years there is not much doubt that the popularity of Saint-Exupéry has diminished in France and abroad. He is not one of the great French writers, but one of those French moralists whose works are representative of what was noblest in one historical era. In his finest book, "Terre des Hommes" ("Wind, Sand and Stars"), the themes of action and meditation are closely mingled. The meaning of the earth comes to him from his position in the sky.

This book, on which he labored seven years, was published in 1939, just before the outbreak of the war. During the Vichy regime he spent two years in New York, unwilling at that time to join the forces of the Free French under General de Gaulle. Many details of this nature in the life of Saint-Exupéry receive fuller treatment in the biography by Marcel Migeo than in previous studies. They are part of contemporary history. Saint-Exupéry's meditations on the meaning and the future of France when he was a pilot in a defeated army, "Pilote de Guerre" ("Flight to Arras"), have a significance that is still applicable now. Long before the word *engagé* was used by Jean-Paul Sartre to characterize a certain kind of writer, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry illustrated this meaning in his life and his books.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 886

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 886 will be found in the next issue.

FAT BCAXPXDF

LATDKS'O LACCF

PXATO LQPO BNABDN

OQRSM AG FAT RG

FAT EATDK MSAL

QAL YNDKAH OQNF

KA. HRDDNC

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 885

Without faith a man can do nothing; with it all things are possible. —Sir William Osler.

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Mutineers in the Nursery

"Daughters and Rebels: The Autobiography of Jessica Mitford" *(Houghton Mifflin. 284 pp. $4) vivifies three sisters in an aristocratic and eccentric British family. Maurice Edelman, Member of Parliament, is readying for production the play version of his "A Call on Kuprin."*

By Maurice Edelman

"ALL HAPPY families resemble each other; each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way," wrote Tolstoy. Since reading "Daughters and Rebels" I doubt the truth of the second part of this aphorism. Miss Mitford's story, for all its exquisite writing, is the typical case history of an unhappy family which is presided over by a tyrannical father and a narrow but indulgent mother. The period flavor of an aristocratic family with its private whimsies goes sour when one is reminded that it produced—perhaps inevitably—Miss Unity Mitford, whose boast to Der Stürmer in an enthusiastic letter was: "I want everybody to know I am a Jew-hater."

Her father, Lord Redesdale, believed that "the niggers begin at Calais." He was philosophically a Fascist whom it is generous to describe in the context of the Thirties as an eccentric. To his children he was "Farve," just as Lady Redesdale was "Muv." And it says a great deal for the delicacy of Miss Mitford's style that her family reminiscences with her interpretation of the private family language—Boudeldidge—do not cloy. It is axiomatic that other people's family jokes are no joke. She has, however, achieved a perspective which enables her to view the twee world of the nursery years with a tolerant eye, neither condemning nor excusing. Hitler, the eccentric with power, is dead. We can enjoy the escapades of his contemporary eccentrics without undue *angst*.

With enormous skill and empathy, Miss Mitford has thrown herself back into her childhood years when, for example, she would give her middle-aged father palsy practice as he sat drinking tea. This consisted of shaking his left hand slowly, on the assumption that when he became old he would inevitably get the disease; in the meantime, Jessica was preparing him for it. Perhaps Tolstoy might have written that all buds are similar, but when they break into bloom the poison berries and the fruits reveal themselves. The nursery quarrels between the Mitford sisters were all within the framework of an instinctive and binding family love. But it is significant that in adolescence each one of them wanted to get away from the explosive claustrophobia of the domestic scene. And, in doing so, they revealed their identity.

Unity Mitford, for whom Jessica had a poignant affection, shot herself in Germany and died in England. Diana, another sister, married Sir Oswald Mosley, the British blackshirt leader. But Jessica's rebellion was different. She joined in that other protest of the 1930s—chiefly by those who had oppressive families—which gave birth to the aristocratic Communist. Originally, in Britain, Miss Mitford's book was called "Hons [short for Honourables] and Rebels." Thirty years ago her slogan might well have been, "Hons of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your domestic chains."

SHE ran away with one such neo-Communist to Spain. Esmond Romilly, nephew of Sir Winston Churchill, had been expelled from school for editing an anti-Fascist paper called *Out of Bounds*. Miss Mitford, who from an early age had a special running-away account in the bank, felt that no one corresponded more exactly with her escapist dream than Esmond Romilly. And so, under conditions of some relative discomfort (always mitigated by intermittent upper-class hospitality), she began her running-away career, which took her to Bilbao, Rotherhithe (then a slum area of London), and Westchester.

The cushioned rebel who can always rely on Daddy or Mummy in an emergency to help him or her out is a common product of respectable family life. Neither Miss Mitford nor Mr. Romilly was deliberately such a person. Miss Mitford embarked on her adventures with a distinctive and dedicated purpose. Unlike her sister Unity, who was preoccupied with hatred, Jessica was interested in love. And the tragedy within the comedy of the autobiography is that twice the love she achieved was frustrated by death. Her first child died; her husband was killed in action.

But she spares the reader her sorrows: her book is life-affirming, not life-denying. It is that quality which, irrespective of formal politics, makes her instinctively an anti-Fascist. She recaptures a gay sense of adventure which is the characteristic of the dilettante of life. Yet the experiences of both Miss Mitford and Mr. Romilly

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MOUNTAINS IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify the mountain where each of the following briefly described events in Greek mythology occurred. Answers on page 38.

1. This mountain was once a Titan whom Perseus changed to stone by showing him Medusa's head.
2. The mortal part of Hercules died on the summit of this mountain.
3. Zeus chained Prometheus here for stealing fire from heaven.
4. On this mountain the spring Hippocrene was created by a kick of Pegasus's hoof.
5. It was here that Pentheus was destroyed by the Bacchanals.
6. Here was where Paris fell in love with Oenone.
7. Under this mountain Vulcan made the Thunderbolts of Jove.
8. Hercules destroyed a boar here as one of his labors.
9. These two mountains are famous because of an attempt to pile one on the other.
10. Mercury was born on this mountain in Arcadia.

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were in some measure those of privileged people. What other elopers would have had a British destroyer sent to bring them home? What other beachcombers could have hoped to obtain a thousand-dollar loan from a Washington newspaper proprietor in order to start a bar? What other anthropologists could have been so rude about the native American and be rewarded with such hospitality?

As a manual for the adolescent escaper, I do not recommend "Daughters and Rebels." But as an autobiography of tenderness, wit, comparison, and observation, it is quite the best I have seen in the last decade. It is impossible to read Miss Mitford's story without falling a little in love with her. And since the desire to be loved is the impelling force of every artist, "Daughters and Rebels" must join the short list of books which, seeking to tell all about the family, end up as art.

More than a Ballplayer

"Wait Till Next Year: The Life Story of Jackie Robinson," by Carl T. Rowan, with Jackie Robinson *(Random House. 339 pp. $4.95), tells how the spunky ex-ballplayer batted homers against racial prejudice. "Known But to God," by former sports reporter Quentin Reynolds, will be published next month by John Day.*

By Quentin Reynolds

THE HORATIO ALGER tradition of "Poor Boy Makes Good" is an old, honored and usually dull one in the field of biography. Occasionally, however, a book appears using the familiar theme in a refreshing way. Such a book is "Wait Till Next Year," by Carl T. Rowan. This is much more than the story of a great ballplayer. It is the story of a man who was born with two strikes on him, who had to fight against fantastic odds all of his life.

His father was a sharecropper in Georgia who deserted his family when Jackie was only six months old. His mother gathered her brood of five children, traveled across the country, and moved into a ramshackle, three-room apartment in Pasadena, California. Jackie grew up in abject poverty and in an atmosphere of racial antagonism. In his teen years he and members of his neighborhood gang were frequently in trouble with the law. Recreational activities were virtually nonexistent for Negro youngsters in Pasadena in those days. It wasn't until he entered high school that the discovery came that he was a natural athlete, blessed with remarkable speed and marvelous coordination. He starred in football, basketball, baseball, and track. It was at UCLA that the national spotlight fell upon him. He was probably the greatest all-around athlete that the university ever produced.

When war came he was drafted but because of football injuries Jackie was assigned to "limited" service. Stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas, he saw a really rigid pattern of racial discrimination. Most Negroes accepted the unofficial ruling that they were not permitted to enter Officer Candidate School. Robinson refused to accept the fact that the Army regarded Negroes as second-class citizens. He rebelled against the edict and has been fighting against discrimination ever since. After appealing to the Secretary of Defense, he eventually became a lieutenant. The camp buses, rented by the Army, operated on the Jim Crow principle even though an Army order had been declared ruling that there would be no bus segregation on Army posts. When Robinson made his protests against Jim Crowism vociferous he was accused of insubordination, disturbing the peace, conduct unbecoming an officer, etc., etc., etc. He was court-martialed but found not guilty of any of the charges. Henceforth he was labeled a trouble-maker. He was that indeed. He had the courage to make trouble for anyone who treated either him or his fellow GIs as Negroes and not as soldiers.

—*From the book.*

Robinson and Clyde Sukeforth, the Dodger coach who stuck by him.

Mustered out of the Army, Jackie Robinson became a professional baseball player with the Kansas City Monarchs in the Negro American League. He might never have been heard of again except among Negro ball fans had it not been for Branch Rickey, who then ran the Brooklyn Dodgers. Sportswriters like Ed Sullivan and Damon Runyon in New York, and Dave Egan of *The Boston Record,* were protesting against the ban on Negroes' becoming major league ballplayers, but Rickey was in a position to do something about it. In addition to being deeply religious, Rickey had a deep hatred for racial injustice. He was also generally acknowledged to be the smartest baseball man of his time. He had Robinson scouted thoroughly by Clyde Sukeforth, who finally sent word to Rickey that Robinson "could play second base in any league."

Convinced of the young Negro's professional ability, Rickey next investigated him thoroughly to see what he was like off the playing field. He learned that Robinson neither smoked nor drank. He also learned that Robbie "always had a chip on his shoulder," that he was very aggressive, and that he was forever "shooting off his mouth about his constitutional rights." Actually, Rickey confided later to a sportswriter, "Robinson's biggest crime was being born a Negro; if he were a white player, people would be praising him to the skies as a fighter, a holler guy, a real competitor, a ballplayer's ballplayer."

The story of how Rickey assigned Robinson to the Montreal team (which was owned by Brooklyn) and how Jackie eventually went to the Dodgers is a familiar one to sports fans but it has never been told in more fascinating detail than it is here. The first few years were really hard ones for Jackie and his wife, Rachel, but gradually Robinson was accepted by his team mates, and this acceptance opened the door to dozens of Negroes now starring in the major leagues.

Robinson's whole life has been a quest for dignity, for freedom from the stigma of Jim Crow, not only for himself but for all Negroes. Today, retired from baseball, he is a highly respected citizen of Stamford, Connecticut.

Carl Rowan has done a magnificent job in dramatizing the fight Jackie Robinson has so successfully waged against bigotry and intolerance.

WHAT HAPPENED TO "AE": The enduring mystery of Amelia Earhart's disappearance in the Pacific in 1937 has attracted many to the study of her life. Paul L. Briand, Jr., a professor of Eng-

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lish in the Air Force Academy, has produced another biography, its title, "**Daughter of the Sky**" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.95), more nearly indicative of the tone of the book it covers than most. Mr. Briand is clearly a hero-worshipper.

Admiration of the Amelia Earhart Mr. Briand sketches is not a bad thing, for she was an admirable woman. She was pretty, she was gay, intelligent, levelheaded, and modest. When the National Geographic Society, President Herbert Hoover acting as its agent, awarded her its Gold Medal in recognition of her solo Atlantic flight of 1932, Miss Earhart said, "I think that the appreciation for the deed is out of proportion to the deed itself." The sentiment is commonplace and its expression ordinary, but she was probably in earnest, and that is not ordinary.

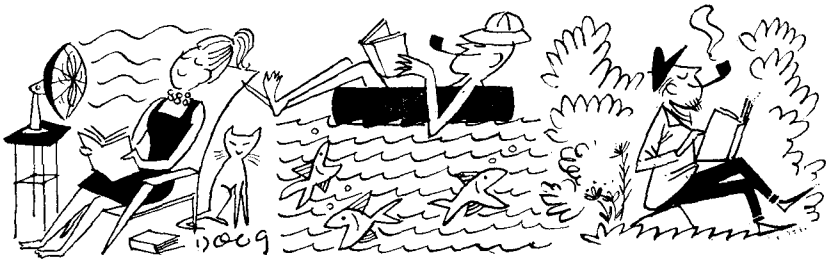
Miss Earhart's flying was compulsive; she was driven to accomplish; she had a writer's sensitivity and a mystic's fatalism. In her maturity she and George Palmer Putnam, whose wife she was, created a pleasant mode of existence. Putnam understood "AE" and was useful to her: he knew exploitation, for example, as she did not. As a pilot Amelia Earhart was competent, but the failure of her last flight was due to her inexplicably cavalier attitude toward her radio equipment. It is certain that when last heard from she was lost and running out of fuel, although the time, the place, and the cause of her death are unknown.

Mr. Briand believes he has found evidence that AE and her navigator, Fred Noonan, ditched near Saipan and were summarily executed by the Japanese. The premise that the Japanese executed Miss Earhart in the belief that she was an agent, or because she had stumbled over war preparations, has previously been bruited; Mr. Briand presents a good case, if one that might not overwhelm a court of law.

Obvious affection and earnest scholarship went into Mr. Briand's work. Unfortunately, he elected what he calls a "narrative-dramatic-expository technique." He believes this mode constitutes authority for him to convey detail supplied by his own imagination; thus: "AE hooked the fur neckpiece closer to her neck. . . . Amelia smiled as she remembered . . . happily she tried to stretch in the narrow seat." One sympathizes with Mr. Briand, writing of AE's many solo trips with little but her logs for background material, but even so he has exceeded his license in this particular. He has exceeded his cliché license by a wider margin. Nevertheless, the book is rewarding as delineation of an intriguing character.

—KEN W. PURDY.

Books for Summer Reading



FICTION

ANNA TELLER. *By Jo Sinclair. McKay.* A Hungarian-Jewish matriarch, who has weathered Nazism and the Budapest uprising, comes to America, where she finds that her troubles are not yet over.

THE BREAKWATER. *By George Mandel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* Coney Island during the Depression-clouded Thirties is the setting for this novel of growing to manhood in a time and place of violence.

CEREMONY IN LONE TREE. *By Wright Morris. Atheneum.* Lone Tree is in Nebraska and it is here that the characters convene to celebrate the ninetieth birthday of "Old Scanlon," who will be familiar to readers of "The Field of Vision."

FONTEMARA. *By Ignazio Silone. Atheneum.* Written twenty-five years ago, this is a new version of a novel about Sicilian peasants who are asked to cope with the problems of Mussolini's brand of Fascism.

THE MANY COLORED COAT. *By Morley Callaghan. Coward-McCann.* One of Canada's most impressive novelists has here written a book about a public relations man who gets caught in a web of his own making.

SAIL A CROOKED SHIP. *By Nathaniel Benchley. McGraw-Hill.* A pleasant young editor and his stylish fiancee become involved in a madcap adventure with some pirates whose exploits rival those of the Brink robbers.

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD. *By Harper Lee. Lippincott.* This first novel deals with racism in the South during the 1930s, witnessed by two responsive and likable children.

GENERAL

AMERICAN COMMUNISM AND SOVIET RUSSIA. *By Theodore Draper. Viking.* An intensive discussion of the period 1930-1945, when Communism flowered in this country.

BERENSON. *By Sylvia Sprigge. Houghton Mifflin.* Miss Sprigge, who visited with Bernson at his villa I Tatti, has written an informative biography of the distinguished art critic and historian of Renaissance painting.

THE CHALLENGES WE FACE. *By Richard M. Nixon. McGraw-Hill.* The Vice President's views on major matters of policy, both foreign and domestic, as excerpted from his papers and speeches.

THE DEMI-PARADISE. *By Margaret Halsey. Simon & Schuster.* The diary of a Westchester, New York matron provides some scathing, often amusing sidelights on life in the midlands of Suburbia.

DR. SCHWEITZER OF LAMBARENE. *By Norman Cousins. Harper.* "A man does not have to be an angel to be a saint," writes the author and in this new study he undertakes to show the variety and richness of Schweitzer's activities.

EAST WIND RISING. *By Relman Morin. Knopf.* Recollections of China and Japan in the years before World War II, by a veteran Associated Press correspondent.

ENJOY, ENJOY! *By Harry Golden. World.* More observations about life in this USA some perceptive, others merely amusing, by the author of "Only in America."

ROBERT FROST. *By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* A biography of one of this century's Grand Old Men of poetry which at the same time provides a thoughtful appreciation of his verse.

THE GOOD YEARS. *By Walter Lord. Harper.* A lively social history of the United States during the active period between the turn of the century and the beginning of the First World War.

KHRUSHCHEV: The Making of a Dictator. *By George Paloczi-Horvath. Little, Brown.* This biography of Mr. K. traces his progress through the ranks onward to his ascendancy in the Communist scheme.

THE LADY PERSUADERS. *By Helen Woodward. McDowell, Obolensky.* An informative, entertaining social history which traces the evolution of ladies' magazines from last century's Godey's *Lady's Book* on to today's slick journals.

THE LIFE OF MICHELANGELO. *By Charles H. Morgan. Reynal.* A modest, but nonetheless fact-filled and perceptive study of the Renaissance artist's life and career.

LORD BURGHLEY AND QUEEN ELIZABETH. *By Conyers Read. Knopf.* All of Elizabethan England is the background to this rich double biography of the Queen and her devoted and sagacious counsellor, William Cecil, Lord Burghley.

MEN OF GOOD INTENTIONS. *By Blair Bolles. Doubleday.* An account of this century's well-intentioned Presidents who through incompetence or indifference have been tainted by favoritism, graft, or downright corruption.

NEITHER WAR NOR PEACE. *By Hugh Seton-Watson. Praeger.* Subtitled "The Struggle for Power in the Postwar World," this is an impressive record of fifteen troublesome years of Cold War.

SEEDTIME ON THE CUMBERLAND. *By Harriette Simpson Arnow. Macmillan.* Pioneer days in Kentucky and Tennessee during the last decades of the eighteenth century, by the author of "Hunter's Horn."

THOMAS WOLFE. *By Elizabeth Nowell. Doubleday.* A massive biography of the artist which, despite abundant material to the contrary, attempts to reveal the more attractive human side of Wolfe's character, written by his literary agent and longtime friend.

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

just as well be Czechoslovakians or Eskimos, which might be better if in this way they acquired some color. For they decidedly need it.

Nevertheless Vilallonga reveals a certain narrative talent, just as in a sportsman's poor performance the athlete can still be recognized. If Vilallonga shuns the commonplaces of success and cultivates a personal manner (which at times is hinted at in his pages) he will make his mark without great difficulty. To do this he has no need to show us a refugee "proud of having strangled a bishop with his own hands" —a device that is false and devoid of any kind of greatness or even horror. It is an easy trick, like a bull's head the publisher has printed on the book's jacket, which has nothing to do with the novel. Neither will win José Luis de Vilallonga any more readers.

Much closer to reality than "The Man of Blood" is James Norman's "The Fell of Dark," in which the American writer proposes to describe the collapse of the Republican fronts at the end of the Spanish Civil War. The result is a series of sketches of great psychological violence, which at times reflect objective truth, but more often disguise it while seeking some moral or esthetic effect. Mr. Norman frequently achieves these effects. But what is lacking in both his and Vilallonga's novels is that love for human beings or things which facilitates our understanding of the world.

Vilallonga gives one the impression that he does not love Spain. Norman, on the other hand, writes with amazement, sometimes human, sometimes only literary. While certain of his pages are examples of an expressionism that would have pleased a poet of the grotesque and terrible like Valle Inclán, on the whole "The Fell of Dark" also fails to sustain itself.

Although these two authors are now in their forties, it is not in them that one must look for maturity but in another and much younger Spanish author: Juan Goytisolo, who is still in his twenties. His novel, "Fiestas," is a model of harmony, sharpness, love of things and beings, originality of vision and the sense of efficacy in indirect allusion. "Fiestas" is a brilliant projection of the contrast between Spanish official and real life.

The reader need have no fear that he will find political or social, moral, or, least of all, religious preaching in this book. Nor will he find men good or bad according to their creed. There is no creed at all. Neither are there self-centered judgments. There are only the reflections through the mind of a gifted author on life in the poorest districts of Barcelona. This mind is a mirror which does not copy, like Norman's, or deform, like Vilallonga's, but which selects. This is our great and difficult task: to select. It is what a novelist is doing his whole life long.

Goytisolo's novel is cold and precise, with a restrained passion that makes the contrasts of light and shadow more effective in the sometimes rhapsodic, sometimes satiric treatment of the Spanish realities of today, with all their esthetic, social, moral, historical nuances, their relationships and accidents. The complexity of these values implies no confusion. In spite of its wealth of tones, the novel is limpid, with fresh colors and diaphanous perspectives.

The reader is invited by the novelist's restraint to fill in lacunae left by him in the nature of some characters, like the sailor Gorila, or the boy Pipo, or the professor Ortega, or the lyrical preadolescent girl. And also to complete events that are prudently sketched. One finally settles down in that zone of soft lights which separates the wretchedness of the "Murcians," who are not allowed to live in Barcelona, and the gilt and incense of a society that insists upon concealing misery instead of facing it with a spirit of justice or love.

Most of the strata of Spanish society are masterly described in this new novel by Juan Goytisolo, who is without doubt the best of the young Spanish writers. Some day perhaps he will be the best of both the young and the old.

3. France

"The Planetarium," by Nathalie Sarraute; *translated by Maris Jolas (Braziller. 296 pp. $4), and* ***"The Grass," by Claude Simon;*** *translated by Richard Howard (Braziller. 216 pp. $3.75), exemplify France's philosophical "new" fiction. Anna Balakian, a professor of French at New York University, wrote "Surrealism: The Road to the Absolute."*

By Anna Balakian

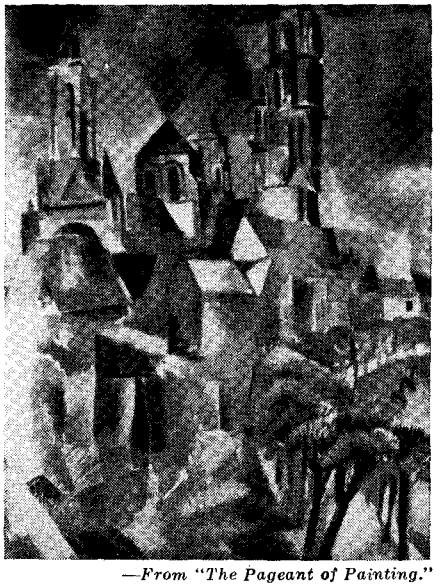
THE REVOLUTION which early in the century affected painting and poetry is finding perhaps as fundamental a counterpart in the breakdown of the rules that have governed the novel for 300 years. Claude Mauriac points out in his recent prize-winning "novel," "The Dinner Party," the extent of the change:

> In short, we are not longer writing novels. The name remains, as editors dare not change the public's taste . . . This so-called new novel whose principle some of us are defending retains nothing of the romantic in the traditional sense of the word. Imaginations plays a lesser part than observation. All invention is suspect. Our ambition lies closer to the artists' than the novelists'. Our concern is to show the exterior world (its inner reflection) such as we see it.

Freed of plot and its measure, time, freed of character genesis, the novel in the *ateliers* of Nathalie Sarraute, Claude Simon, as well as Michel Butor, Alain Robbe-Grillet, and a number of others not yet translated into English seems no longer concerned with the dramatic, contrived conflicts of passion, nor with the brooding introspections of protagonists retiring into the isolated worlds of their own minds. It is tending, rather, to become a medium for philosophic viewing of man's precarious situations in the material world into which he projects his personality, surrounded and bounded by the objects that will outlive him. His struggle to assert his identity as long as he can forestall death is the basic drama.

Nathalie Sarraute's canvas is like those artificial skies of planetariums which show the stars first from one position, then another; with every shift some new ones loom and others disappear from view. In this most recent work by the author of "Martereau" and "Portrait of a Man Unknown," the so-called "new" French novel, richly represented now in American translation, demonstrates its technique with striking audacity.

The center of Mme. Sarraute's nondescript universe is occupied neither by



—From "The Pageant of Painting."

"The Towers of Laon Cathedral," by Robert Delauney.

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the author nor by a proxy hero. Through many eyes and more than one consciousness we encounter the characters, not in repose but as they gravitate toward or away from each other. An old lady frets over the unsuitability of a certain doorknob on a certain door in her too spacious apartment in a fashionable section of Paris. She feels compelled to call her nephew in the middle of the night to share her distress. The newly-married Alain has troubles of his own in his efforts to resist the control which doting in-laws are trying to exert on him and his wife, Gisèle. He in turn seeks the sympathy of a famous lady author, Germaine Lemaire, who likes to cultivate the friendship of young intellectuals like Alain to reassure herself of her fame.

In order to remain within this *milieu* and free himself from the despotic orbit of his in-laws (and to have room in which to write the thesis that is expected to open up for him a career as literary critic), Alain must persuade his Aunt Berthe to relinquish her apartment to him and to accept a modest, two-room one, which is more suitable to her simple needs. Through the intervention of his father, he attains his wish. However, in the impending break in Alain's relationship with Germaine Lemaire, Mme. Sarraute sums up the essential tragedy of life considered as a planetarium:

> The sky is turning above his head, the stars are moving, he sees planets traveling from place to place, a sensation of dizziness, of anguish, of feeling of panic seizes him, everything is toppling, overturning, at once . . . she herself is moving away, she disappears on the other side. . . . But he's not going to let her go, he can follow her, follow them out there, he's coming . . .

Human relationships are transitory; as the conflicts pass and empathies wear thin, the characters cease to inhabit the same strip of the universe. Alain's confrontation of Aunt Berthe is dissolved, just as the basis for communication with Germaine Lemaire suddenly gives way. Since the novel was kept alive through the current of mutual awareness that flowed from one character to another, the waning of interest in each other brings about the total, natural, and inevitable dénouement. But within the rudimentary plot Mme. Sarraute has sowed masterly clues for insight. Concerned with the immediate present of her characters, she has with subtlety and acuity furnished the details needed to reconstruct their past and gauge their future. The reader must put the telling fragments together and build the characters with the same kind of creative resourcefulness necessary to interpret modern painting and poetry.

Here is welcome relief from the passive entertainment that standard fiction provides. Mme. Sarraute does not lead her reader by the hand into the subconscious strata of her characters, but instead projects their self-awarness into the exterior world, where they may be observed. She does not pass judgment on their moral worth with intricate analyses of their actions. She does not break down personality to arrive at its comprehension; she aspires, instead, to its synthesis.

IN Claude Simon's "The Grass" we find another notable attempt to free (or shall we say divest) the novel of its recognizable structure. Whereas Mme. Sarraute in her terse style emerges as a sculptress in human nature, Claude Simon's novel reveals him as a poet. Richard Howard, his translator, who matches the Frenchman's expert use of words and their images with his own linguistic virtuosity, has preserved the tonality of his style, the inner rhythm of the winding, endless sentences, characteristic of Simon and reminiscent of Samuel Beckett.

The setting is an ambiguous village in France—but it could be any place where grass can grow and pears ripen. A family is witnessing the prolonged death agony of an aged spinster. While Marie lingers, we partake of the meditation of Louise, the young wife of the dying woman's nephew. With total disregard for chronology, the unsavory characters and their family relationships come to light in her memory while she divides her presence between the deathwatch and her illicit love trysts.

Death abides in the old house; sensuality thrives in the grass. Little dialogue and much interior monologue connect these two major forces in life, superseded by the visions and poetic analogies of the author himself. For M. Simon delves deep into the shallow substance of Louise, who is but a foil for his own rich perceptiveness. The result is a double perspective; "the warp of existence" illuminated by the marvel of things, which is the agnostic's substitute for belief. The pity is that a novelist so richly endowed with powers of creative observation should seek no finer canvas to paint on than the unexciting death of an eighty-five-year-old and the trivial adulteries of the survivors. Simon's technique has been likened to Proust's. But if Proust freed the novel from chronological narration, M. Simon

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reduces character creation itself. What remains is a naked kind of lyricism which kindles not the protagonist but the disconnected objects of his environment.

There is powerful writing here, though its ultimate course seems as yet undetermined.

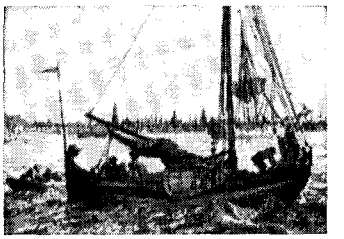
LESSONS OF WAR: The hero of **"A European Education"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.75), by Romain Gary, the author of "The Roots of Heaven," is a fourteen-year-old Pole, Janek, orphaned early in the war. He joins a small group of partisans hiding out in the forests of northeastern Poland. There he learns about violence and devotion, cowardice and courage, greed and love, suffering and hope—all in their most simple and often brutal forms: such is the education twentieth-century Europe provides: "Europe has always had the best and oldest universities. It has produced the world's greatest books and ideas . . . And yet the true European education we receive is gas chambers, rape, slavery, and firing squads at dawn."

Mr. Gary is a gifted storyteller; some of the more horrible episodes of the underground fight against the enemy occupation forces are powerfully told with a realism that is shocking in its impact but never objectionable in its expression; Janek's discovery of love is related in a straightforward and moving fashion; the various characters who enter into the story are treated in some instances with sarcasm, in others with affectionate forbearance, humor, or irony. All this lends variety and credibility to the narrative.

When Janek is first introduced, he is engrossed by a typical teen-age book about Indians, but it is soon pushed aside and eventually forgotten. At the close of the novel he finds himself the reluctant heir to an unfinished manuscript to be entitled "A European Education." It was written by his best friend, Adam Dobranski, a former student who fought with the underground and died in Janek's arms. He promised to finish the book and tell men "about the ugliness and the hunger, and the great cold and loneliness—about hope and about love. . . . I want them never to start this again." One may choose to view the story of Janek's experiences as the completion of Dobranski's manuscript.

The main trouble with the novel is that Mr. Gary is no great artist. The narrative complexities of "The Roots of Heaven," in which he poured out an impressive torrent of words and was carried along by an exotic plot and colorful characters, were much better suited to his talents. To be completely effective, the relatively simple story of Janek needed to be told with consum-

OH, A DREADFUL THING HAPPENED.



WE [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] were in the States recently and we laid on a cocktail party for those who have been corresponding with us. Since we could not invite all 35,000 we wrote to them asking if they would *like* to be invited and would they let us know and we would draw names out of the hat in a sort of Irish Whiskey Sweepstakes. Well, the party was a great success; but imagine our chagrin now to learn that one batch of invitations went by ship, The SS Kon-Tiki, and apparently seaworthiness is not everything for they only arrived a week *after* the festivities. Since we have no idea who received these tardy notices we must ask blanket indulgence. If you were one of the ill-favoured few please write to us and let us see if we can't think of some way to comfort you; short of sending you the Captain's and our own dear heads on a platter.

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See classified, page 49

mate art. Although he tries (and perhaps even tries too hard), Mr. Gary does not really succeed. When merely narrating a tale, he holds the reader's attention well; when he gets himself involved with symbols, allegories, and other devices of esthetic significance, he is overcome by them: they remain exterior to the story, weighing it down rather than raising it to higher levels. But on the whole the book is well worth reading; its admirable qualities outweigh its defects. —LEON ROUDIEZ.

4. Mexico

"The Nine Guardians," by Rosario Castellanos; *translated by Irene Nicholson (Vanguard. 271 pp. $3.75)* ***and "When the Owl Cries," by Paul Bartlett*** *(Macmillan. 242 pp. $4.50), are two novels about modern Mexico in which natives of Spanish descent are in conflict with the Indians. Anne Fremantle spends several months each year in Mexico.*

By Anne Fremantle

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION, which began in 1910 and continued, more or less, until 1940, is only now becoming, as it were, externalized in its country's literature. While the Revolution was happening, outsiders such as D. H. Lawrence or Graham Greene, could travel in the country, observe, comment, and cavil or commend, but Mexicans themselves were too deeply and traumatically involved to do so. Now the process of assimilation into art is going on apace, and there is in Mexico City a group of young novelists, several of whom are already being translated and appreciated abroad as well as at home.

Rosario Castellanos, whose "The Nine Guardians" was voted the best work of fiction in Mexico for 1957, grew up in the high Chiapas country she describes. The central conflict of the novel is between the Mexicans of Spanish descent and the Indians, and this is also the conflict in Paul Bartlett's tale, "When the Owl Cries." The Indians are most terribly abused in both books, and the impression is given that the Revolution was made for, if not by, them.

The seven-year-old girl who narrates part one of "The Nine Guardians" is from the first aware of the hostile dichotomy: her beloved Indian nurse has a wound her own people have given her because she loved the child and her brother. "Is it wicked to love us?" the youngster asks, and Nana replies, "It's wicked to love those who give orders and have possessions. That's what the law says."

The second part of the novel, told in the third person, is the grim story of Felipe, the young Indian who tried to defy the boss, but marched to the pistol of Cesar, the children's father, just the same, and of the fire started in the mill, and of a murder.

It would have been a still better novel had it been all written from the child's viewpoint: the sudden change of narrator takes away from both the pace and the pathos of the story; it is almost as if the author felt she couldn't keep it up, that relating a whole revolution, even as experienced by one family, on one hacienda, from a seven-year-old's point of view, was too complex an undertaking.

Paul Bartlett has lived eight years in Mexico and has had more than forty short stories published. He writes about much the same country as Miss Castellanos, but there the resemblance ends. His writing is astonishingly pretentious: on the opening page he has his herons "carry their white with consummate ease." Their white what? If he means whiteness, how exactly would they carry it with consummate ease? The phrase is as silly as the adjective "fibrous" applied to Raul Medina's hands. And how can the mockingbird evoke its Toltec past? The Toltecs, as far as is known, were men; and where was "the mockingbird's Toltec past"? As in Miss Castellanos's novel, a child also dies in "When the Owl Cries," a girl this time, and the unfaithful father says of this dead child that "her faith was real to her"—which is certainly not the way *any* Mexican would think or speak. Nor is his love affair with the atheist equestrian Lucienne, owner of a neighboring hacienda, less celluloid. "Before freshening up," the lovers go to see monster turtles. "Turtles stare in such a sad way," Lucienne says, as she spins her beret onto a chair. "They know they have to die," says Raul. Even the details in the story are phony. Gabriel, the Italian priest, *kneels* by the grave to say the last prayers. There is nothing, alas, to be commended in this book, except, perhaps, the handsome dust jacket.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Atlas. 2. Oeta. 3. Caucasus. 4. Helicon. 5. Cithaeron. 6. Ida. 7. Etna. 8. Erymanthus. 9. Pelion and Ossa. 10. Cyllene.

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Quasimodo

Continued from page 16

thinks and who speaks and who writes.

And that man will still be concerned with man's changing image of himself. For there is no final type of man. And yet man's internal problems are always the same. Who can resolve those internal problems for him? He must resolve them himself—over and over again—however much the world may change around him.

QUESTION: But, still, may not the philosopher have this same concern? What distinguishes the poet as poet?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: The poet is born with a capacity for harmonies. That is why the ancients called poetry *canto* —not because it was accompanied by music. The dilettantes, the cerebral literati, seek these harmonies externally. They construct sequences of vowels and consonants; they prepare rules in advance for creating harmonies. But the true poet has them within himself. They are his way of speaking himself.

They are, that is to say, born in him. The merely cerebral poet can write endlessly—even ten poems a day. The poet refuses this sort of cerebration. He writes at unpredictable moments, in moments of rage.

QUESTION: (by Professor Pacifici): Or of serenity?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: Perhaps. But no, really of rage. "Why should I sit and write?" the poet says to himself. "Why should I not leave this desk and go out and live?" But his creative rage holds him. There is this voice that *must* say something. *That* is the poet. He cannot write at will. At times he can write nothing.

He does, to be sure, take on esthetic difficulties. These are his formal elements. Rhyme, for example, is a difficulty. But it is also a help. It firms his poem for him.

But the technical passion alone is nothing. Had Dante stopped with the "Vita Nuova," he would have remained a poet inferior to Guido Cavalcanti. But he passed on to reality—from the genteel lady to (if you will forgive the expression) the dungy fingernails.

QUESTION: But what if Dante had never studied Virgil?

SIGNOR QUASIMODO: Ah, but one must study the techniques of the great poets. The poet's capacity for harmonies is born in him, but what is born must also grow.

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Sultry Season

Continued from page 12

and glaring, while her countenance darkened with rage and anguish—"*But,* before they shall *marry* under my very eyes, and live here, maddening my soul and senses, day and night, by the view of their love and joy, I will pull down ruin on the heads of all! Yes, although I myself should be the first to fall!" She paused in silent thought for some time, then rising, said, "*Down,* tiger heart! *Down!* crouch! Be smooth, brow! Be tender, eyes! Be soft, voice! And now go and pacify the old man before his vexation betrays me to the the others. Come! in time I shall learn to curb wild impulses, and only spring upon my prey when time and place is fit."

In his "Golden Multitudes" Frank Luther Mott says that, "equipped with the gas-mask of tolerance," anyone who today encounters the novels of Mrs. Southworth must dig deep "to discern an indefatigable story-telling talent, a strong feeling for blatant and primitive melodrama, a love for sensational effects in both incidents and characterization, and a faculty for passionate declamations." But such attributes seem strong stuff even for the reader on the trail of the most distracting fiction for his 1960 vacation.

Today the term "summer novel" is more apt to be applied to books that have what some editors call "reader identification." Perhaps the action takes place near the shore, and the plot, stitched up in muted-color petit point, offers to the prurient the vicarious appreciation of a dalliance between an aging young man and his archly cynical stepdaughter. The dichotomy that began with Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and the romances of "scribbling women" may not be so recognizable this summer.

The novel that thrives in warm weather is not necessarily a lasting best-seller, but—as is true throughout the year—the most popular book in any summer is bound to be the one most talked about. As we have seen, initial summer sales can help to make remarkable best-sellers like "Anthony Adverse," "Gone With the Wind," "The Naked and the Dead," and Carl Carmer's "Stars Fell on Alabama." But the weather on the day of publication is a moot point and one continually under debate in the inner sanctums of publishers.

It is only the individual who can predict what he will read this summer. He may be responsive to those titles he sees on best seller lists, or he may go back to his willow tree and read the whole of Proust again. Neither public libraries nor rental libraries are able to compile statistics that shed revealing light on summer reading tastes. Yet the New York Public Library, like many others, each year mounts an earnest campaign to shape the summer reading of its borrowers. Its Readers' Adviser's Office issues a list of recommended books each June, with a blank verse introduction; in 1958, for instance, these opening lines from a poem by Mary C. Hatch:

> Summer is for each of us.
> To each his own is some small way—
> A square of beach, a patch of grass,
> An hour alone, the world in a book.

Under the title "Summer Delights" there followed a list of twenty-three collections of essays—from Charles Lamb to Russell Lynes; fifteen modern biographies; fourteen poetry collections; sixteen plays; and forty-three high-quality novels. Last summer, a similar brochure offered vacation borrowers a list of books the library considered "Highlights" of the years from 1914 to 1959. Interestingly, the list's nominees for memorable books in the peaceful era before World War II had six times as many novels as there were for the postwar period, in which nonfiction dominates the recommendations. Few of the novels could be considered "light." For the New York Public Library, it would seem that summer is the time to read—or reread—the books of other seasons.

Rental libraries, on the contrary, find that their patrons stay in step with the year—and with the books that are currently most talked about. The day when Angela Thirkell was the darling of the lending libraries, a spokesman said, is gone. Summer, winter, autumn, spring, the seasonal changes of those who trudge around the corner to rent a book seldom point to something other than the need to be *au courant* when the conversation turns to literature.

The summer reader, now as always, is no more or less than what he makes of himself. One eighteenth-century summer, the average devotee of light fiction was certainly devouring Mrs. Rawson's "Charlotte Temple, A Tale of Truth." And at the end of the nineteenth century there was a summer when "everybody" was reading "The Honorable Peter Stirling," by Paul Leicester Ford, for gossip said that this novel was based on the life of Grover Cleveland. This summer we'll be reading—well, it's up to you. Summer reading reflects the times, as they appear to any reader through his sunglasses.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Seniors and Juniors

By JOHN CIARDI

PRACTICALLY every contemporary poet of any consequence has now recorded his own voice reading his own poems, and granted that some poets are poor readers, the fact still remains that all such readings can be useful to listeners interested in twentieth-century poetry, for however badly the poet goes at his own poems, his particular intonations, and especially his breath groups, are always likely to offer an insight into his writing. Such readings are indispensable to scholars. They can be a wonderfully vivifying force in the classroom (particularly when they are listened to with the text in hand, eye and ear following together). And the best of them belong happily among the pleasures of the poetry-lover's private collection.

As the number of available recordings grows, however, it becomes unlikely that private collectors can afford anything like a complete collection, especially since the average price of a single LP runs within pennies of $6.00. Nor—price aside—is there any reason for any but the most avid collectors to want them all.

Most poetry recordings belong in libraries, to be sampled there and put back on the shelf. The point to stress is that they very emphatically should be available in this way. It is good to note that many libraries have made poetry recordings an essential part of their collections, some circulating the recordings for home play, some providing listening facilities in the library, and some doing both. It is time, I believe, for every library with anything like a real interest in poetry to add such a collection to its resources.

Of the four new releases by senior poets, I take "John Masefield Reads the Story of Ossian" (Spoken Arts 755, $5.95), "The Poems of James Stephens Read by the Author" (Spoken Arts 744, $5.95), and "T. S. Eliot Reads Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats" (Spoken Arts 758, $5.95) to be exactly the sort of poetry recordings that should be recommended to library collections rather than to individual ownership. All three certainly belong somewhere on the shelf, but none of them amounts to much more than spoken footnotes.

Masefield's poetry does still linger on in the less enlightened reaches of The School System, but certainly he is more laureate than poet, a force for poetic respectability rather than poetic liveliness. Pale and correct, his lines run to the tick-tock metric of an academic exercise and he reads them in a meticulously genteel voice that somehow suggests morning coats and an Adam's apple constricted by high starched collars. I have no choice but to put it down as a colorless performance of colorless poetry.

James Stephens can hardly be called colorless. He is, in fact, more than a bit of a ham. "The three most beautiful things in the world," he asserts in the coyly dragged out brogue of the professional Irishman, "are a goat, a donkey, and a mountain. I mean *any* goat, *any* ass, and *any* mountain." Stephens hangs the reading of his poems on commentary of this order with a fine and wilfully pixyish gusto, yet with a kind of sweetness welling through the coyness. Call it gracefully whimsical. It is worth listening to—once.

KARL SHAPIRO's recent (*SR*, Feb. 27, 1960) attempt to demote Eliot from commander-in-chief to buck private does not have my entire endorsement. If Eliot has been overrated by the academies and the new critics, he is still a poet of very considerable stature. I must still insist that "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats" is dull and prissy stuff. Eliot's dry voice of doom can be a compelling thing, but I find his whimsy much too elephantine for my taste. The poems are all about proper and improper cats, cat etiquette, the naming of cats, the history of cats—all of it intended to be playful, and all of it enunciated in the ponderous voice of a maiden-parson trying to keep a straight face while he tells the most *screamingly* whimsical stories with the most *lovable* twinkle in his eye. Put it down as a queer foible, yet I find myself thinking that these poems and Eliot's way of reading them suggest some interesting reflections on his expatriation.

"Ezra Pound Reading His Poetry" (Caedmon TC 1122, $5.95) is clearly the exciting one of the present four and the only one I can happily recommend not only to libraries but to private collectors, provided they are not set to hate Pound at sight. As a matter of special interest this recording is, as far as I know, the only commercial release of Pound reading his own poems.

He does so in a voice that is big, banging, singsong, pretentious, arrogant, and messianic, all in one. It is a voice knocked out by its own sense of importance, yet fervent with something more than simple arrogance. How much of Pound is a paranoid anger and how much is a true and seeking fervor is a question I have come to think is unanswerable, but certainly this is the one true voice of that duality. What actor could dream of inventing such a voice for the role? Yet one feels instantly that this is the only voice for these poems, a voice both astonishing and astonishingly right; the sort of performance one wants to hear again and to share with his friends, if only for a sampling. All four releases, I regret to add, lack an accompanying text.

THE Yale Series of Recorded Poets is an ambitious project, established with foundation support, to release readings by as many as twenty to twenty-five poets annually, and the first three releases breathe a fine, right sense of exciting possibility. Well recorded, with superb photos of the poets on the front of each cover, with intelligent and useful notes on the back, and with an accompanying printed text, these first exemplars seem to be exactly what poetry recordings should be, and we earnestly hope that Yale will continue its series as discriminatingly as it has begun it.

Robert Lowell (YP 301, $4.32) reads his poems reticently in a near-monotone varied only by a breathy fade and whisper, with almost no pauses, certainly with no assertion, and yet with great care to register every word. Lowell is no actor, and one senses instantly that he would scorn any actor-effort to project the poems. He does not in fact *recite* them so much as *say* them. He says them squarely, cleanly, without fuss, and in a flat, downright New England voice. Teachers of oral interpretation will, likely, be distraught at Lowell's refusal to reach out for dramatic emphasis, yet the refusal is one that sensitive listeners will recognize as an essence of the reading. Many poets read with this refusal locked into their voices, and though this way of reading is not the best that a voice could do by the poems, it is a clean and honest way, and a valuable sounding of the poems in the voice to whose cadences and breath-groups the poems were written.

Stanley Kunitz (YP 302, $4.32) reads his poems pretty much in the same tradition of reticence, holding back the dramatic effects while taking care to

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value each word fully, yet Kunitz's voice, both richer in tone and more flexible in its modulations than Lowell's, offers a rather happier listening experience without sacrificing the integrity one feels in Lowell's reading. A fine, substantial performance.

Dudley Fitts (YP 303, $4.32), poet and master translator, reads in a superbly urbane voice accompanying his poems and translations with a discerning commentary that includes, midway through the reading, a grand spoken note on the art of translation. What one senses instantly is the master's joy in the good language of his mouth and his care to honor it, as Fitts does in both his writing and his speech. A happy listening experience.

Richard Wilbur ("The Poems of Richard Wilbur Read by the Poet," Spoken Arts 747, $5.95) reads his poems in a hushed and careful singsong, as if the poet were listening not so much to the actual sound he is making but to the possibilities of that sound within the inner ear. He reads less matter-of-factly than Lowell, by much, and without as much modulation as Kunitz, but in the most valued sense he, too, may be listed as one of those who read reticently. There is in his reading that same felt refusal to make the rendering too dramatic, yet always one feels the sensitivity of the poet's concern for each word and cadence. It is the sort of reading that relies on the poem to establish its own power, secure —as I see it—in the sense that the poem itself is power enough and beyond the need of vocal tricks. A fine, clean, revealing, sensitive reading.

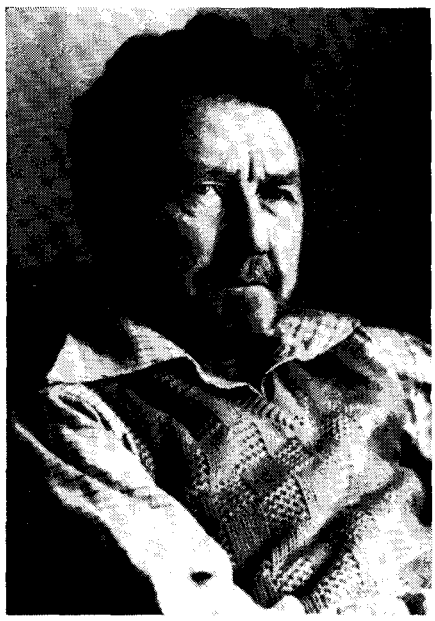
I haven't much to say for "The Rooster and Other Poems of Gil Orlovitz Read by the Poet" (Spoken Word SW-120, $5.98). Orlovitz leaves me with the impression that he has spent more time studying nightclub performers than the poets. The poems, a not very impressive catalogue of wisecracks ("Hail, hail, the ganglia's all here") seem intended to be clever, and Orlovitz gives his hammiest best, and I just don't care.

"ALLEN GINSBERG reads Howl and Other Poems" (Fantasy 7006, $4.98) comes in with a helluva roar but pretty much walks away through slush. The first part of "Howl" was taped (with some bad spots) at a reading in Chicago, and is certainly a better performance than his earlier reading on the Evergreen label. I want to think of this one as The Full Howl, and the fact is that Ginsberg hurls a real rant at his audience. The later poems on Side I, however, and those on Side II, were studio recorded and are far less exciting. Ginsberg seems to do best when challenged by an audience. With nothing but a microphone to spur it on, the voice gets lower, softer, less ecstatic, and seems even, at times, to maunder. Some of the poems, heaven knows, are dreary stuff, but I do find that first part of "Howl," and this particular reading of it, wonderfully electric.

"Declensions of a Refrain by Arthur Gregor, Read by the Poet" (Spoken Word SW-111, $5.98) is a good standard reading, reticent and sensitive, by a good poet with a growing reputation. The voice is hushed, husky, nearly monotonous, slightly singsong (but less so than, say, Wilbur's), and especially sensitive to the metrical pauses. In both his poems and his reading Gregor takes his stance as The Esthetic Comentator. He has, that is to say, taken on the obligation to be exquisite. That obligation imposes an enormous burden and Gregor has learned to carry some of it but not all. As a reader, Gregor has noticeable trouble with his s's as he labors at every word with a precisian's passion. As a poet he could well survive a number of echoes of Eliot and Stevens along with a weakness for such ordinary phrasing as "the cleansing fire" and "the usual sunset"—there were other phrases I wanted to list as too ordinary, but, without real disrespect, I just didn't want to play it all the way through again to check them off. It's a good reading: I just don't find myself eager to replay it.

"A Mask for Janus by W. S. Merwin, Read by the Poet" (Spoken Word SW-122, $5.98) is another in Spoken Word's good series of coming poets. Merwin's poems are engaging and he reads them in a firm and pleasant voice that manages to get every word said carefully without fussing. He tends to attack some of the poems in such long breath groups that I began timing them, recording as much as twenty-six seconds between pauses, though the average breath group of the first poems works out to about thirteen seconds, and the more metrically regular "Rime of the Palmers" ticks itself off at regular four-second intervals. The long breath groups seem always to end on a falling modulation that becomes a bit monotonous. The total leaves me with a pleasant feeling that both as reader and writer Merwin is working well toward some sound pattern not yet entirely captured, but seriously pursued, and worth the pursuit.

Except for the Yale Series releases, I am sorry to add, none of these releases provides an accompanying text.



Ezra Pound—"big, banging, pretentious, arrogant, and messianic."

James Stephens—"wilfully pixyish gusto."

Richard Wilbur—"hushed and careful singsong."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"Fred Katz and His Jammers." Decca DL 9217, $4.98. "Feeling the Blues"; "Elegy"; "Imagination"; "Vintage 57"; "Old Folks"; "To Blow Is to Know"; "Sometimes I'm Happy"; "Ruby My Dear"; "Dixie, Why Not?"; "Dexterity."	The Jammers are made up of cello (Katz), electric guitar, vibraphone, string bass, trumpet, and drums. Their purpose seems to be to concatenate thoughtful probings of jazz, popular, and classic music in such a way that no part of the whole will be defined as either classic or jazz or anything in between. They want it to stand as music. So the group performs with admirable polish and sophistication to create sounds that are reflective ("Feeling the Blues," "Elegy"), humorous ("Dixie, Why Not?"), and in spots quite romantic ("Imagination," "Ruby," "Old Folks"). There is nothing unrehearsed or improvised about the sessions; the result is an interplay of rich, clean phrasings and instrumental conversation.
"Brass and Bamboo." Orchestra conducted by Tak Shindo. Capitol T1345, $3.98. "Caravan"; "Poinciana"; "The Moon Was Yellow"; "Skylark"; "No Place to Go"; "Bali H'ai"; "The Song of Delilah"; "Flamingo"; "I'm Beginning to See the Light"; "The Lamp Is Low"; others.	It apparently occured to Mr. Tak Shindo, a Hollywood arranger and student of Japanese music, to touch up some dance-band arrangements with instruments from Japan. The resulting honorable picnic sounds like something from a spectacular that gets laid onto the sound track whenever the going gets heavily Oriental. On the liner, the ingredients are listed as: "big-band dance arrangements spiced with exotic instrumental sounds of the Orient." Yet it turns out that neither a samisen nor a set of Buddha temple gongs is a bit more interesting than any other instrument when its role is purely condimental. Please pass the soy sauce.
"Hallelujah! Spirituals in Hi-Fi Brass." Jim Timmens and His Swinging Brass. RCA Victor LPM 2029, $3.98. "Joshua"; "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child"; "It's Me"; "Let My People Go"; "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen"; "Go Tell It on the Mountain"; "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"; "The Blind Man"; "Me and Zeke"; "The Gospel Train"; others.	An intelligent effort has been made to transpose a number of excellent spirituals for performance by a large jazz band with two full brass sections. There are passages with brasses playing in unison, and passages with the two sections taking the melodies apart and building them together again. The brasses work from arrangements planned to approximate tonalities of human voices, with supplemental color provided by French horns, a tuba, etc. There is room, too, for long solos by trombonist Urbie Green and trumpet solos by Joe Ferrante, Jimmy Maxwell, and Doc Severinsen. Altogether, a good LP that must be credited to the sensitive scoring of Jim Timmens.
"The Pied Peiffer of the Piano: Bernard Peiffer." Decca DL 9218, $4.98. "Willow Weep for Me—Variations"; "Stardust"; "Here I'll Stay"; "Night and Day"; "Don't Blame Me"; "I Can't Get Started"; "While We're Young"; "You and the Night and the Music."	Bernard Peiffer plays a piano with elegance, a fine touch, and an excruciating awareness of all parts of any tune. His extraction of meaning from the popular tune might be compared to the cracking process which takes place in the transfer from crude oil to high-octane gasoline. Every element of each composition is subjected to minute working-over. With him, tunes like "Night and Day," "Stardust," "You and the Night and the Music" undergo occasional pressures which render them nearly unrecognizable, yet points of reference remain to delight the listener.
"Tommy Turrentine." Time 70008, $3.98. "Gunga Din"; "Webb City"; "Time's Up"; "Long as You're Living"; "Too Clean"; "Two, Three, One, Oh!"; "Blues for J.P."	Tommy Turrentine, trumpet, Julian Priester, trombone, and Stanley Turrentine, saxophone, make up the front line of an interesting small combination that is backed for this recording by a rhythm section composed of Max Roach, drums; Horace Parlan, piano; Bob Boswell, bass. The feeling set up by their playing is of experiment and workshop. Within this limited framework, warm and sometimes surprising moments of expression are revealed; one might cite the trumpet's solo during "Two, Three, One, Oh!" and the flowing quality, combined with firm attack, of the tenor saxophone's statement for "Webb City." Add, also, Julian Priester's trombone bit for "Time's Up."
"The Newport Youth Band Under the Direction of Marshall Brown." Coral CRL 57306, $3.98. "Tiny's Blues"; "Cinnamon Kisses"; "Power Glide"; "Blues Inside Out"; "Copley Square"; "Solid Blue"; "The Most Minor"; "Down for Double"; "She's Funny That Way"; "Lemon Drop."	Like many a début performance, that of the Newport Youth Band apparently evoked a feeling of wonder and pleasure at sight of a group of youngsters aged fourteen to eighteen who had worked hard enough at their instruments to produce entirely believable big-band jazz. It also found them straining to prove that they could handle nearly everything the books might offer; a screeching gasser like "Tiny's Blues," a Basie-like "Solid Blue," a John La Porta arrangement, "The Most Minor," and a fairly slow arrangement by Marshall Brown, "She's Funny That Way," featuring a long trumpet solo by sixteen-year-old Alan Rubin. In spite of the strain, they acquitted themselves admirably, achieving something that not even a good many older bands ever do: a band sound unmistakably their own. For the rest, one simply has to wait to know where these young musicians can go from a promising start.
"Riot in Blues." Time T 70006, $3.98. "I Found My Baby There"; "Guitar Blues"; "I Wonder Why"; "Buck Dance Boogie"; "Junco Partner"; "Please, Baby, Please"; "Goin' Down Slow"; "Mean Old Frisco"; "Feeling Blue and Low"; "I'm in the Mood"; "Shake a Leg"; "I Love You Baby."	In the early 1950s a man named Robert Shad had the good fortune to acquire a portable Magnecorder and to be able to scout several Southern states in search of blues singers. Judging from evidence of this LP, he stuck to the cities and the cabarets. His urban net scooped up young Ray Charles, who has since moved to broader fields as composer, performer, and arranger. He also took in Lightnin' Hopkins in Texas; others were Arbee Stidham, then an RCA Victor blues artist, and two unknowns, neither of them impressive. Of all the material, that recorded by Hopkins comes closest to arousing interest.
"Phil Napoleon and His Memphis Five." Capitol T1344, $3.98. "Milenberg Joys"; "South"; "Limehouse Blues"; "Black and Blue"; "Creole Rag"; "After You've Gone"; "Wolverine Blues"; "Come Back to Sorrento"; "Satanic Blues"; others.	Phil Napoleon's career as recording musician began in 1922 when he played with the Original Memphis Five on the sides titled "Stop Your Kidding" and "That Barking Dog Woof Woof." His ability to stay with the trumpet compares favorably with that of Louis Armstrong, one year his senior. Every musician who plays in the new Memphis Five, except Napoleon, is of late arrival. The excellent recording captures the unflagging spirit of a jazz veteran who can still play in a joyous, outgoing manner.
"The Dukes of Dixieland at the Jazz Band Ball." RCA Victor LPM 2097, $3.98. "At the Jazz Band Ball"; "Beale Street Blues"; "Muskrat Ramble"; "Blue Prelude"; "That's a Plenty"; "Original Dixieland One-Step"; "Panama"; "Wolverine Blues"; "Fidgety Feet"; "Tin Roof Blues"; "Tiger Rag"; "When the Saints Go Marching In."	The Dixieland "thing" (to paraphrase M. le Président De Gaulle) is at the present moment so pervasive that there seems little doubt that tunes like "At the Jazz Band Ball" and "Tin Roof Blues" will soon outrank Edward MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose" as staples of nearly everyone's repertoire. This particular LP of Dixieland offers: good recording, the requisite note of relaxation, a happy dance tempo, and—but why should there be anything more? The soloists are: Frankie Assunto, trumpet; Freddie Assunto, trombone; Pete Fountain, clarinet; Artie Selig, piano. Bill Potter and Roger Johnston play string bass and drums. Oh, we nearly forgot—it's highly unusual for a Dixieland band to play something like "Blue Prelude"; this was really an innovation. Next: "To a Wild Rose," specially arranged for the Dukes—or was it Kings or Counts or Earls?—of Dixieland. —Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

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Notes, Texts, and Liners

"THE ENGLISH texts are lacking . . . ," "the omission of a printed text . . . is always a mistake . . . ," "vague, anonymous notes including the text in Russian and English, but not . . . a phonetic transliteration that alone would enable non-Russian listeners to follow the sung text . . . ."—these are but three comments by as many reviewers commenting on recent record releases which suggest that all is not well in the care and packaging of the long play. Whatever the improvement in the content of the average record "sleeve," what appears on it may range from suberb to mediocre, from thoughtful service to the purchaser to a blatant attack on his publicity-sensitive centers.

Lest it be suspected that the accusing finger points at any one supplying source, it may be mentioned at once that some are better than others all the time, not all are as bad as a few, but none is uniformly attentive to the basic information a purchaser may reasonably expect, or actually need in order to get the full value from his investment. Indeed, a few manufacturers seem to feel that what is good enough for a specialized home market is good enough for the world market as a whole.

In the latter category are the present products from the Deutsche Grammophon Company of Germany. Until lately they were processed in this country by Decca Records, which expended no little effort on preparing its own packages and editorial comment (sometimes with a good deal of careful thought and scholarly research). Now the American buyer is being provided not only with the original record as manufactured in Germany (which may be desirable) but also with the same textual matter (which is rarely satisfactory). Perhaps there is an economic justification; but not when the purchaser must make do with the printed matter deemed sufficient for the German speaking audience. Obviously, it doesn't need a translation of the texts of Hugo Wolf's "Italienische Liederbuch"; but the same offering to an American buyer may well reduce him to fury if not despair. The reference to this particular collection is not merely a repetition of the complaint registered upon the appearance, a month ago, of the Erna Berger-Hermann Prey treatment on Electrola. Deutsche Grammophon has just provided us with an Irmgard Seefried-Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau survey of the same subject matter in which the forty-six lyrics of Paul Heyse are printed in their entirety, with no word of English (even to translations of the titles).

To be sure, Deutsche Grammophon does provide several hundred words of commentary by Erik Werba on Wolf and the songs, in German, English, French, and Spanish. Substantially, however, this duplicates what might be found in any reference work —Grove, Thompson, or Frank Walker —which is in line with one of the more exasperating policies (if so purposeless a procedure can be called a policy) prevalent in this world of mingled commerce and art. It is almost axiomatic that where a familiar artist is playing unfamiliar music, the liner will be exhaustive in documentation of the artist; but give us an unfamiliar artist playing familiar music, and the buyer will be regaled with everything he already knows about the music.

As one who has done a fair share of such commentaries—"liners," annotations, or whatever they may be called—I am well aware that conditions are freqeuntly far from the best for combining facility with scholarship. Frequently enough, facility is rated higher than scholarship, which is, perhaps, why certain names (not excluding the undersigned) recur. But the end result *can* reflect the writer's conscience (if his employer's is a nonexistent one) to the extent of providing the basic information that *he himself would expect to find* as the user of the same, or a similar, issue. This includes, as a matter of course, English texts for material sung in a foreign language (I like to have it even if the language is English), details of the edition utilized (if it departs from the conventional or readily accessible), some data about the performers (especially when one or more is new to the phonograph or to the particular public to which he is being introduced), something about the recording arrangements (particularly if they are novel or in a hitherto unused hall or studio). Too few record-makers, alas, are also record-users: they seem to assume that once the record is sold it is no longer their concern. Actually, it is at this point that the record-makers' concern *should* begin—for it is in the intimacy of his own home, where he listens, reads, smokes, thinks, that a buyer decides whether he has been well treated or badly used.

Considering the care that has gone into the production of many large-scale issues by the companies that have produced them (RCA, London, Capitol, and Angel are consistently the best, with Columbia as good as any when it chooses to make the effort), it is manifestly unfair to beat them with the "small company" stick. But a few companies (such as Vanguard, Vox, Westminster of past times, MGM) have made a studied effort to maintain an unvarying policy on such matters. Sometimes it has been at the cost of crowding more matter than is properly readable into a limited space, but at least it is there for whoever has the need of it.

Merely as a record user, rather than a critic of the performance or a writer of commentaries myself, I confess to profound perplexity at the practices adopted by certain other companies *within* their own range of activities. Pick up one issue, and you find a well-written, informative, succinct statement of what you care to know about the music, plus a brief comment on the performer. Pick up another, and you find a shameless concoction of ego-flattering press-agentry, event to an analysis of a composer's creative personality—as in a recent instance—by his wife! This may well be her true opinion, but it should be hardly necessary to observe that what is not admissible in a court of law is not relevant before the bar of public opinion. I could understand it, too, if different kinds of music, or artists, or ensembles dictated specific procedures; but too often the treatment is as haphazard and unpredictable as the contents of the comments themselves.

Likewise inadmissible, it seems to me, is the anonymous comment, especially when it is semi-learned and more than casually opinionated on the subject of Brahms, Shostakovich, Vivaldi, or Alban Berg. I think of Capitol as particularly prone to the anonymous annotator, which is hardly in keeping with their highly identifiable practices otherwise. Perhaps not everybody will care to delve as deeply into structure and content as Klaus George Roy has done for Epic in its Cleveland Symphony issues, but if the laborer is worthy of his hire, his work should also be worthy of his name. Another challenging standard is set by "Library of Recorded Masterpieces," whose Vivaldi issues offer not only the learned comments of Joseph Braunstein but the Ricordi texts of the scores themselves.

Not every one may need, or want, as much as this. But it shows what can be done, given the will.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Bartok in German

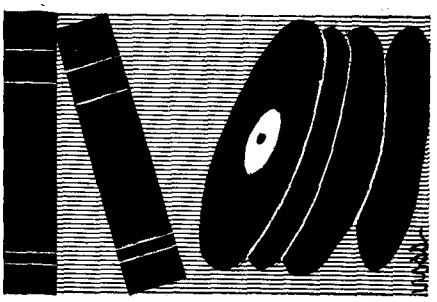
BELA BARTOK: *"Bluebeard's Castle," Opus 11. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Hertha Töpper, alto; Ferenc Fricsay conducting the Radio-Symphonie Orchester Berlin.* Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft SLPM 138030 (stereo), $6.98.

The published score of "Duke Bluebeard's Castle" contains texts in German and French as well as the original Hungarian. And there is now an English translation by Michael Calvocoressi. In his excellent book on Bartók, Halsey Stevens discusses the problem of translation and observes that in the German, it is necessary to select words accented on the first syllable and the text consequently acquires a monotony not present in the Hungarian. For those who understand neither language, this may seem to be a point of unnecessary refinement. However, on comparing this new version sung in German with an earlier one sung in Hungarian (2 Bartok 310/11), one may sense this even without understanding Hungarian (few Americans do). But for German-speaking audiences, comprehension will surely outweigh such delicate matters as inflection and accentuation of certain syllables. The libretto in German is printed on the jacket, but this will not be of much help to American listeners who would certainly be helped with an accompanying English version or even a synopsis.

For German-speaking listeners, one may note that the diction of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Hertha Töpper is excellent and one hardly needs a libretto. I must rely on my Hungarian-proficient friends to say the same thing about the early version, but they assure me it is excellent. In fact, they assure me it is better in every way. I cannot claim linguistic authority.

One of the effective moments of the opera is the spoken prologue, which is eliminated in this German version. Curiously, the Germans, who make a fetish of the "echt," should know better than to make such an obvious cut. And there are other sizable cuts later. But should one select a recording on the basis of completeness or for esthetic satisfaction (or for the paltry penny since the German version costs $6.98 and the older non-stereo recording $10.00)? Frankly, I find the earlier version much more attractive.

The Bluebeard legend is an old one; it has a place along with tales of Cinderella, Puss in Boots, and Little Red Riding Hood. But this is not a superficial fun-and-games affair. In fact, it



is a grisly one. The libretto was written by Béla Balázs and it utilizes only two singing characters, Bluebeard and his last wife, Judith. Hoping to let some air and brightness into Bluebeard's gloomy castle, Judith demands keys for seven closed doors. As she obtains them and opens the doors one by one, she discovers sequentially such sanguine horrors as Bluebeard's torture chamber; an armory with blood-drenched weapons; a treasure chamber with bloodied jewels; a garden of similarly tinged flowers; a view of his domain under blood-sodden clouds, and then, when one expects more gore, a lake of tears. When the final seventh door is reluctantly opened, it reveals Bluebeard's three previous wives, who file out, ghostly and mute.

Then, Judith in turn is crowned with a diadem by Bluebeard, who also places upon her gleaming jewels and a regal mantle and sings to her sadly: "You were the most beautiful of them all—*Du warst meiner Frauen schönste, du Allerschönste.*" As she disappears behind the moonlit closing door, Bluebeard softly ends the scene singing: "Now it is night forever—*Nacht bleibt es nun ewig; immer, ewig, immer.*"

Visually, it is strictly Daliesque; in action, it is static; musically, it contains some of Bartók's most touching moments. In Wagnerian fashion, Bartók uses a *blood-motive* heard throughout in its various guises. All of this now seems verging a bit on the quaint and, though Bartók completed the work in 1911, it seems to echo in a world that is not of our time. —OLIVER DANIEL.

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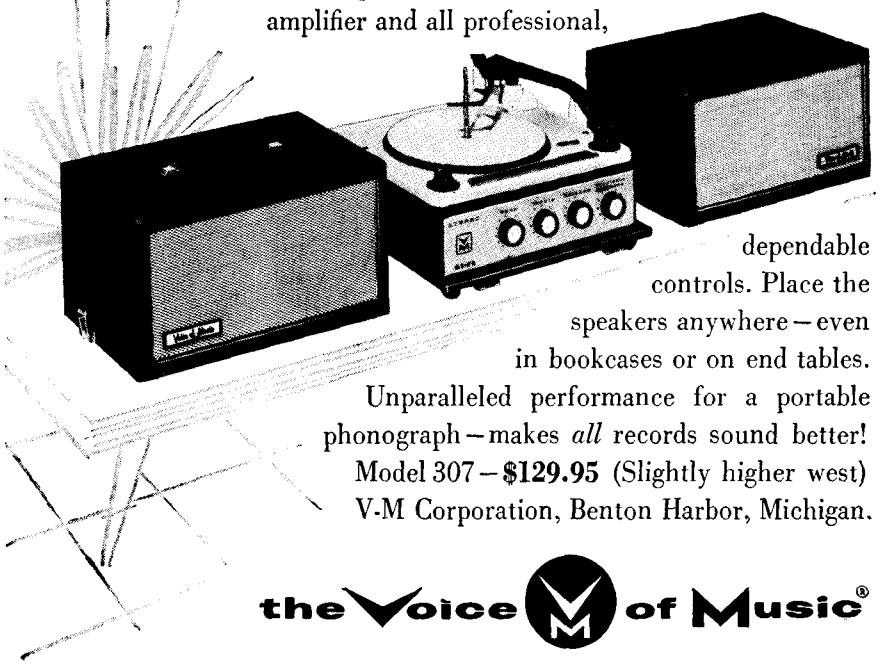

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LETTERS TO THE
RECORDINGS EDITOR

IN RE CHICAGO'S "AUDITORIUM"

IT IS PLEASANT to know that there is a nationwide interest in the task undertaken by this group—the Auditorium Theater Council—namely, the restoration of the Auditorium Theater.

Your recent article on this subject must have cheered the many Americans who know the history and fame of the Auditorium, which is, at once, a most significant architectural and historical landmark, and one of the world's great theatres. Designed by Louis Sullivan and Dankmar Adler, the building is acknowledged as the greatest triumph of these noted architects.

Yet, the author of the article, Peter Jacobi, who happens to be affiliated with Chicago's Lyric Opera, reaches a couple of conclusions we feel unwarranted and dangerous, not only to the success of our project, but to the future of the performing arts in Chicago.

First, to correct some errors in his article: 1) Roosevelt University, which owns the property, and which has given authority to an independent council of civic-minded citizens to raise the money and to operate the theatre, does not expect to make any profit from the theatre, once restored. The idea is to present to the entire community . . . a marvelous facility for a great variety of programs.

2) He states: "The university has taken over every bit of available footage in the Auditorium building for classrooms and that includes many of the old dressing and practice areas. Storage space for scenery and props is virtually nonexistent." This is simply not true. The university is using the space formerly occupied by the Auditorium Hotel. All of the dressing rooms and storage space used during the many years when the Auditorium was the scene of grand opera is still idle. . . .

Now, as for Jacobi's conclusion that the Auditorium restoration will "siphon off funds which could be used for revitalizing the Chicago arts": This, of course, presupposes that there exists in the community only a specific number of dollars which can be counted upon to support the arts. The danger of financing our artistic endeavors under this presumption is that we fail to attempt to broaden the base of supporters. . . .

It must be realized that the Auditorium is not a competitive organization but an additional facility for the performing arts.

One final point. This concerns the question the article raises: "Would Lyric move to the Auditorium?" The Auditorium is not being restored in order to find a home for the Lyric Opera Company, although it would be welcomed. Lyric's season is but seven weeks. The Auditorium season will be fifty-two weeks each year. A variety of stimulating attractions is planned, all calculated to supplement Chicago's present cultural fare.

BEATRICE T. SPACHNER, Chairman,
Auditorium Restoration
and Development Committee.
Chicago, Ill.

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(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

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(Continued on page 50)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 49)

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Enjoy our salt tanged breezes. Pool 72°. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager. WELLS (Midway) 6-5662.

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VACATIONS

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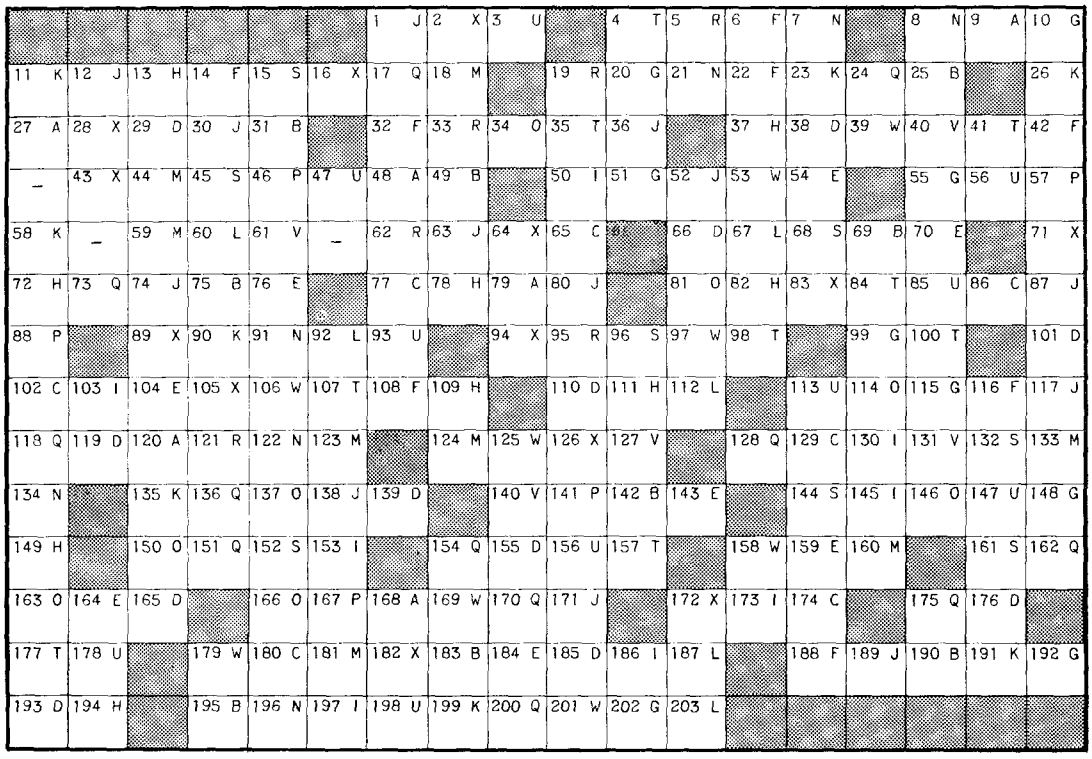
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To risk.	27 168 79 120 48 9
B. Common European creatures (Sorex *vulgaris*; 2 wds.).	49 142 195 25 31 75 69 190 183
C. "The jewel-box" of Southern California.	174 86 77 129 180 65 102
D. Certain mistakes in the proceedings of a court of record (3 wds.).	193 29 165 155 119 139 38 176 101 110 185 66
E. Ignorant; agnostic.	159 164 70 54 184 143 76 104
F. What Dobson "wove to a random rhyme" (2 wds.).	116 188 108 6 32 14 42 22
G. Having come to life again.	55 202 148 99 10 20 192 51 115
H. Interest shared by Copernicus, Brahe, Galileo, Herschel.	78 109 13 194 82 111 72 37 149
I. Emblematic figure familiar in North America (2 wds.).	130 153 103 173 145 197 186 50
J. Author of "Scarlet Pimpernel" (1865-1947; 2 wds.).	1 117 12 63 87 74 52 36 189 138 30 80 171
K. Resembling reflected sound.	191 26 135 199 23 90 58 11
L. Em-cee of TV's "College Bowl".	187 67 112 203 92 60

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A law student.	123 124 181 18 44 59 133 160
N. Mother of the Magi, acc'g to old romances.	122 196 91 7 8 21 134
O. Pointsmen, in mining.	146 137 150 81 163 34 114 166
P. Music which even Israfel with half a dozen others could not have sung without further help.	141 57 46 167 88
Q. Wearing fewer garments than is customary; wearing a full complement of lingerie.	118 17 154 24 200 128 170 175 162 151 136 73
R. Hurt of any sort, to person or thing.	5 121 19 95 62 33
S. What a person born north of Britain's "Border" calls himself.	96 45 161 132 15 144 152 68
T. "Creamery State" of the U.S.	4 107 157 98 41 35 84 177 100
U. Beat all the others in a harness race.	56 47 198 85 113 147 3 178 156 93
V. What many men are said to have many of.	140 40 131 61 127
W. Person afflicted with *chronic inflammation* of joints, etc.	158 106 201 125 169 97 39 53 179
X. Legendary second king of Rome (2 wds.).	83 2 94 172 89 105 71 43 16 64 126 28 182

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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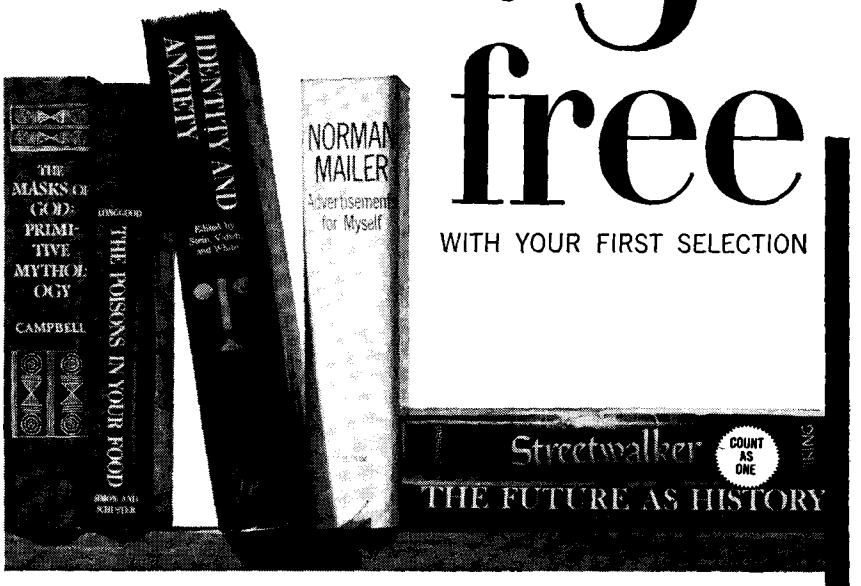

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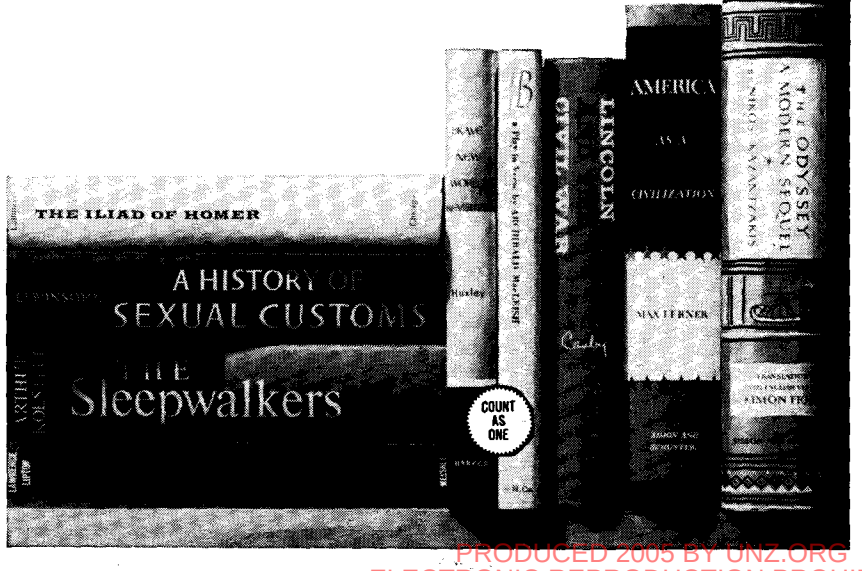

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